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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. II. NOVEMBER 1, 1816. No. XI.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

The favours of Mrs. Serres, Oscar, *&c. shall have a place in our next.*

The Admiring Bachelor's Enigmatical List of handsome young Ladies at Stonehouse *appears to us to be very deficient in that precision which is essentially requisite for any successful attempt at explanation.*

The Publisher of the Repository *acknowledges the receipt of hints of* A Well-wisher, *and hopes to be able to profit by them.*

The writer of the ingenious paper On the Nature and Use of Day-light in the Fine Arts, *given in our present Number, authorizes us to assure our readers, that the* Notes *to that article shall be forwarded in time for our next publication.*

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FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 25.—COTTAGE ORNE.

To combine utility with picturesque beauty at a moderate expense in buildings of this description, is at all times the endeavour of the architect; he is aware that agreeable appearances must be obtained, but that it is improper to sacrifice to them the real conveniencies of a dwelling, or to obtain both at a charge that should belong only to buildings of greater pretensions. This consideration has led to the devising of irregular plans for the cottage orné, in which symmetrical arrangements of pure architecture are not observed, and the parts are then so disposed as to form pleasing combinations of form, in which, of course, some intricacy occurs, and to produce varied effects of light and shadow. Additions to old buildings are sometimes made in this way, with great advantage to the convenience of the interior of the house and to the beauty of the building externally; for it not unfrequently happens, that concurring circumstances will effect a peculiarity of character, that probably would not have been the result of premeditation. This mode of proceeding, however, in which the convenience of arrangement is made to govern the design, is not suited to regular architecture; in it the proportions of the various forms and dispositions of the several parts are adjusted by severities of rule, which make the contrary practice indispensable: and it was this circumstance, not less than the desire of pleasing by the introduction of a novelty, that induced the late Mr. Wyatt to cultivate that peculiar style, which he formed from a mixture of the castle style with that of the conventual and cathedral Gothic; for being about to make considerable additions to buildings containing very noble apartments, so disposed as to be inimical to architectural symmetry, he reverted to the practice of the early architects of our own country, and surmounted the difficulties of such arrangements by aiming to produce grand and picturesque

effects, rather than those of stately elegance; and it is perhaps to the encouragement given to this effort by the taste and judgment of the present Earl of Essex, that we are indebted to so extensive a recovery of many beauties in English architecture.

The plan of the annexed design of a *cottage orné* departs but little from a simply oblong form, but it marks that no attempt has been made to complete it; and in the elevation also, the forms are disposed with a very limited regard to a perfect symmetry of its parts. This building is arranged for a small family, and consists of a hall, staircase, dining and drawing-rooms, closet for coats, &c. a kitchen, scullery, and larder on the ground-floor; on the chamber-floor are five rooms and a closet; and on the under-ground story are proper wine, beer, and coal-cellars, a cold larder and store-room. Plans of this description have the advantage of losing no space by communicating passages, which too commonly increase the magnitude of buildings, and consequently the expense of them, without a corresponding benefit. The absence or spare application of passages constitutes, perhaps, one of the perfections of a plan, provided all the rooms are approachable independently of each other from the hall, staircase, or vestibule; and such simplicity of arrangement should always have a due consideration. The roof of this design is made to project beyond the walls of the house, and thus affords an opportunity of forming a gallery and double virandah, a very desirable appendage to a villa whose chief apartments are presented to south or to south-western aspects.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE DRY-ROT IN BUILDINGS.

(*Continued from p.* 190.)

The disease in buildings, termed the dry-rot, being ascertained to originate in the corruption of the timber used in it, or from some vegetable putrescence in its neighbourhood, assisted by a certain proportion of heat and moisture, it will be evident that the prevention of the disease in new buildings about to be erected will depend on the choice or judicious management of the ground on which we build; on the construction of the building; on the nature and state of the timber and other materials employed; and on the proper drainage and due ventilation of all its parts.

Clay soils are the most generative of this disease; the surfaces of them, and frequently the clay itself, abounds with vegetable particles, and it is often found deeply seated in it in the state of slime. Where trees, shrubs, or hedges have grown, the earth retains parts of their roots, which, upon decay, produce small funguses: the surfaces and loose parts of all such soils should be carefully removed, and, if needful, the deficiencies be supplied with gravel, or some other pure material, great care being taken that an adequate drainage is obtained; for, in this case, it is of the first consequence, as a clay soil, from its retention of damps and tenacious hold of corrupt matter, may be considered, in most instances, as the primary source of the dry-rot in buildings so situated.

Buildings are more or less favourable to the production of the dry-rot, as by their construction they more or less receive the advantages which are derived from good drainage and free ventilation; by these the adjustment of that due proportion of heat and moisture, so necessary to the progress of the disease, is wholly destroyed, and consequently the tendency to its progress by other causes is counteracted, and is never perhaps manifested by a speedy decay. For this purpose areas should be formed all round the building, and the under part of the lower floors freely ventilated, particularly if they are contained in what is termed an under-ground story; and it is not enough that air be admitted into those parts by one aperture, such openings must be multiplied, and so disposed as to produce a continued current, and consequently a removal of the impurities that might otherwise remain in them. If, however, a sufficient circulation cannot be obtained in this way, some other device must be resorted to, and perhaps there is no better means for this purpose than common flues, which may be carried up with the chimney flues of the house whenever a stack for them conveniently presents itself, or by other flues, to destroy the equilibrium of the air which surrounds the atmosphere of the confined apartment. The dry-rot sometimes begins at the top of the house: in this situation it is owing usually to the gutters, either from their being too small for the quantity of water they have to dismiss, from the improper method used in laying them, or the bad execution of the work: the same consequences frequently occur from similar defects in the water-pipes or cistern-heads, which suffer the water to overflow them, and is thence received by the walls of the house, with all the vegetable matter that may be in solution with it.

Unseasoned timber, or timber that contains much of that moisture which was essential to its growth when in the state of a living tree, necessarily suffers a degree of fermentation and corruption, proportioned to the suitableness of the situation in which it is placed, towards promoting and supporting the natural principle of decay. Timber in this state should be rejected, and such only employed as is dry, and in which the viscous portion of its substance has become hard. That timber is the best suited to the purposes of building where the rot may be expected, which is least liable to suffer a resolution of its softer parts by the wet or damp to which it may be exposed.

Many ingenious speculations have been entertained on a better practice of felling trees in our own country, and in a preparation of all timber prior to the admission of it into buildings; and experience proves the benefits that would result, from experiments formed from effects already known, not only to edifices where the presence of the dry-rot is expected, but to buildings generally. This terrific disease sometimes originates in the walls of a house where timber is not present, and is caused by the corrupt matter too frequently used in the preparation of the mortar, such as loam, unwashed road-sand,

or screened rubbish; and it most commonly prevails where the brick-work is not solidly filled up with what is termed grouting, or mortar, but where the bricks are so put together that interstices and vacancies exist capable of retaining any corrupt exhalations that may arise from the cellars or foundations. Masons also infect a building with the dry-rot that otherwise would be wholly free from it, by laying the pavings of the lower apartments with improper earth; and it is very often found to proceed from fire-places, where masons have prepared a support for the hearth or slab with corrupt sand; and from the same cause, paved halls and the landings of stairs are spots from which the disease has originated in many instances. Cesspools, drains, and wells require to be ventilated, unless they are so deeply situated from the surface of the ground, that being well covered, the bad air from them cannot reach the foundations of the walls or the lower apartments: this is, however, an uncommon practice, but of great advantage, not less towards the prevention of many disorders to which the human frame is incident from corrupt air, than for the prevention of the disease in question.

I. B. P.

(To be continued.)

ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

No. X.

VAUXHALL BRIDGE.

It is no inconsiderable proof of the wealth and liberty of a country, when a few of its individuals unite in the bold speculation of building a bridge over a wide and rapid river; and it is a strongly presumptive proof of its increase of internal commerce, when the payment of its vast expense is anticipated to be complete in a few years, from the collection of very moderate tolls: and yet one of the noblest bridges of Europe is now erecting over the Thames in London upon such a speculation, and upon such expectancy. And certainly it is a bold and patriotic deed to erect a bridge more removed from the immediate point of trade, depending for remuneration on the annual dividend, in the shape of interest, that certain tolls will afford to its proprietors. But such men in this country are found, and we shall ever be as happy to applaud their undertaking as to witness their successful accomplishment of so great a public benefit.

The building of bridges was considered so highly, and of such great importance, in ancient times, that among the Romans it was committed to the priests, until at length the emperors condescended to become the conservators of them; and in the middle ages, bridge-building was received as one of the acts of religion. Under the name of *pontifices*, or bridge-builders, in the twelfth century an order of Hospitallers was founded, whose duty it was to erect bridges for the convenience of travellers; and up to no very late period, the names of those whose munificence had founded others were held in as pious me-

mory, and became as devoutly prayed for, as were the good *pontifices*.

Vauxhall Bridge crosses the Thames near the junction of the Vauxhall, South Lambeth, and Portsmouth roads, and unites them with the opposite shore at the end of Mill-Bank, in Tothill Fields: it forms a ready communication with the south of Westminster; and to persons travelling to or from the north-west of London, and places in its vicinity, it presents the means of a considerable abridgment of their journey. The bridge consists of nine arches and eight piers, exclusive of the abutments, which are approached by very easy ascents. The piers are of stone, the lower part rusticated, and the upper part ornamented by niches and pannels; the arches and the superstructure are of iron, which, being open, gives the whole an effect of lightness, but, in this case, without that general appearance of insecurity which too often belongs to them.

Iron bridges are exclusively the invention of British artists, and it is flattering to our national talent, and useful to the best interests of the country, when they are successfully adopted: they afford encouragement to ingenuity, support thousands of industrious workmen, and give facilities to trade; for the comparative cheapness of their construction enables speculators to erect them where bridges would not exist, if they had to meet the vast expenses of stone-work, or the continual dilapidations to which wooden bridges are subjected.

In the general design the engineer has succeeded; he has formed an agreeable whole, by carefully separating the fitting and pleasurable of construction from the surprising, and by not speculating upon the possible, rather than the probable, in the practicability of the arches. By his arrangements he has certainly lessened the expense considerably, and not a little also by the ingenious plan of increasing the height of the piers progressively from the abutments at each shore up to the centre arch; by this means the superior elevation of this arch is obtained, and all the others decrease in height according to the inclined line of the top of the bridge, notwithstanding the ribs of all the arches are perfectly alike, being formed from the same radius, and probably all cast from the same set of patterns. This last circumstance must have saved a considerable sum of money; indeed, so far as discretion and foresight could be exemplified in this structure, it has been manifested: the bridge, therefore, is highly creditable to the engineer. But as a work of art, in which chasteness of design, truth and harmony of composition, and knowledge of forms, with all the beautiful modification of light and shadow, are involved, the bridge has not a similar claim to our applause. As it is approached by water, the spectator is some time in doubt if the bridge be not designed in the Gothic taste (and it certainly is not intended to be so), for the upright forms that fill the spandrils give it that character; and if the whole at a small distance be viewed from either of the shores, they induce the spectator to receive as real the illusion that makes every arch appear a pointed one, a peculiarity

in Gothic architecture. The niches in the piers are too small: the railing on the top is mean, and, from the meagreness of the top rail, it has, to the passengers, the appearance of being unsafe: the alcoves on the centre of the bridge might well have been spared, as they cannot afford good shelter, and are not beautiful; and the toll-houses are built from designs equally removed from just claims to architectural reputation. Indeed it is manifest, that the whole is the work of an engineer unaided by proper architectural assistance; and it is to be regretted, that in this, as well as in most other edifices constructed chiefly of iron, the same deficiency exists, which would not occur if the commissioners for building them appreciated duly the value of architectural fitness and beauty.

CHRONOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from p. 198.)

PAINTERS; PERIOD IN WHICH THEY FLOURISHED; PRINCIPAL WORKS AND MERITS.

Bruno di Giovanni, of Florence, 1320.

Lippo Memmi, of Siena, 1320. Many works in the church of S. Croce at Florence; for the churches of S. Caterina and S. Paolo at Pisa; for S. Gregorio at Arezzo; for S. Francesco at Pistoia, at Assisi, and at Ancona. He was a pupil of Giotto, but inferior in merit to Simon Memmi.

Bartoli Gioggi, of Italy, 1320. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Ambrogio Lorenzetti, of Siena, 1340. Many works in the hospital of Mona Agnesa, in S. Agostino, and in the palace della Signoria at Siena. An altar-piece at Volterra. A chapel in the cathedral of Orvieto. A chapel at Massa. An altar-piece in S. Procolo at Florence. Several paintings in the church of S. Margherita at Cortona. He possessed great skill in the treatment of fresco.

Agnolo Gaddi, of Florence, 1340. Works in S. Jacopo tra' e Fossi at Florence. Two chapels, in fresco, in S. Croce, in the same city. A coronation of the Madonna in S. Maria Maggiore, and many other works in the same city. He was a pupil of Taddeo Gaddi.

Giovanni Gaddi, of Florence, 1340. Many works in association with Agnolo Gaddi. He was a pupil of Taddeo and Agnolo Gaddi.

Giovanni da Milano, of Milan, 1340. An altar-piece in S. Croce, and another in Ognissanti, at Florence. A crucifix, a Madonna, and S. Clara, at Assisi. Many works at Milan. He was a disciple of Agnolo Gaddi.

Ugolino, of Siena, 1340. The paintings for the high altar of S. Croce, on a gold ground. A picture for the high altar of S. Maria Novella. A great number of works in many other cities of Italy. He was a pupil of Cimabue, and had much practice in the style of the Greek masters.

Andrea Pisano, of Pisa, 1340. Many works at Pisa, Lucca, and particularly in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Donato, of Arezzo, 1340. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Bartolommeo Bologhini, of Siena, 1340. Altar-piece in the chapel of S. Silvester in S. Croce at Florence. Many works at Siena, and other places in Italy. He was a pupil of Laurati.

Andrea di Cione Orgagna, of Florence, 1340. The Last Judgment in the Campo Santo at Pisa, with many portraits of celebrated persons then

alive. The Last Judgment in S. Croce, and Dante's Hell for S. Maria Novella at Florence, likewise with numerous portraits. Paradise, after Dante, with his brother Bernard, in the same city. Many other fresco-paintings there. He was very skilful in fresco; and his are the first known attempts to represent the Last Judgment.

BERNARDO ORGAGNA, of Florence, 1340. Paradise and Hell after Dante, in association with his brother, at Florence.

GIOVANNI DA PONTO, of Florence, 1340. Many works, in fresco, at Empoli. Many works in S. Trinita, and in other churches and convents at Florence. He was a pupil of Buffalmacco.

JACOPO DI CASENTINO, of Pratovecchio, 1340. Many works at Florence in and about public buildings, and in the churches of S. Bartolommeo, S. Domenico, and S. Agostino, at Arezzo. He was a pupil of Taddeo Gaddi.

[About this time lived NICLAS WURMSER, of Bohemia, by whom there is a Christ on the cross, with Mary and John, on a gold ground, in the gallery of Vienna.]

TOMMASO GIOTTINO, of Florence, 1360. A chapel in S. Stefano al Ponte Vecchio, at Florence. A chapel in S. Spirito, the chapel of S. Silvester in S. Croce, and the chapel of S. Lorenzo in S. Maria Novella, all in the same city. Many works at Rome, as in S. Giovanni di Laterano, in Ara Cœli, and in the Orsini palace. He took Giotto for his model.

BERNA, of Siena, 1360. Several fresco paintings in S. Agostino at Siena. The façade of the church of S. Margaretha, and several other paintings at Cortona. Works at Arezzo, and in S. Spirito at Florence. Into all his performances he introduced many portraits of himself and his friends. He excelled in many particulars, especially in simplicity and dignity of expression.

GIOVANNI D'ASCIANO, of Siena, 1360. Various paintings in the hospital della Scala at Siena, and in the palaces of the Medicis at Florence. He was a pupil of Berna.

ANTONIO VINEZIANO, of Venice, 1360. A façade for the hall del Consiglio at Venice. Works in the convent of S. Spirito at Florence. About twenty large paintings in the Campo Santo at Pisa, which are some of the best in that edifice. Works in the cathedral of Pisa. An altar-piece and a Transfiguration in the Certosa at Florence. In his pictures, especially in those in the Campo Santo at Pisa, we meet with many landscapes, which are the first of any consequence that we know of. He was a disciple of Agnolo Gaddi. He was remarkable for the grandeur, richness, and skilful arrangement of his compositions, for the drawing, and, above all, for the colouring of his paintings in fresco.

SPINELLO, of Arezzo, 1360. Many fresco paintings in the church of S. Niccolo alle Sale del Papa, in S. Maria Maggiore, and in the church del Carmine at Florence. A great number of fresco paintings in the churches of Arezzo. Works in the Campo Santo at Pisa. He was a pupil of Jacopo Casentino.

BERNARDO NELLO, of Pisa, 1370. Many pictures in the cathedral of Pisa. He was a pupil of Andrea Orgagna.

TOMMASO DI MARCO, of Florence, 1370. Several pictures at Florence and Pisa, in which latter city he worked a great deal for the church of S. Antonio. A pupil of Andrea Orgagna.

MARIOTTO, of Florence, 1370. Many pictures in Florence, particularly in the church of S. Michael Bisdomini. A pupil of Andrea Orgagna.

FRANCESCO TRAINI, of Florence, 1370. Paintings at Florence, and in the church of S. Caterina at Pisa. A pupil of Andrea Orgagna.

LIPPO VANNI, of Siena, 1370. Annunciation of the Virgin Mary in S. Do-

menico at Siena, as well as many other works there.

BARTOLO DE FREDI, of Siena, 1370. Many paintings at Pisa, Siena, Florence, and Gemignano.

GIOVANNI TOSSICANI, of Arezzo, 1380. Many works at Arezzo, Assisi, Florence, Siena, and in the cathedral of Pisa. The finest of his works was an Annunciation in the episcopal palace at Arezzo. A pupil of Giottino.

MICHELINO, of Italy, 1380. Various works at Florence. A pupil of Giottino.

GIOVANNI DEL PONTE, of Florence, 1380. Many works at Florence. A pupil of Giottino.

GHERARDO STARNINA, of Florence, 1380. Various works in Spain. Pictures in the church del Carmine at Florence. A pupil of Ant. Vineziano.

PARRI SPINELLO, of Arezzo, 1380. Many paintings at Arezzo, chiefly in water-colours. He was son and pupil to the elder Spinello, whom he surpassed in design.

BERNARDO DADDI, of Arezzo, 1380. Many pictures at Arezzo, Siena, and Pisa. A pupil of the elder Spinello.

LORENZO DI BICCI, of Florence, 1380. Various paintings in the Riccardi palace, in S. Marco, in the convent of S. Croce (a St. Thomas and a large St. Christopher), in the church of the Camaldulenses, in S. Carmine, in St. Trinità, and in the cathedral at Florence. He was a pupil of the elder Spinello, and distinguished for the excellence of his drawing and vivid colouring.

HUBERTUS VAN EYK, brother to Johannes van Eyk, of Maaseyk: born 1366, died 1426. The principal productions of these two brothers are to be seen at Bruges, Ypres, and Ghent, as well as in other cities of the Netherlands and Holland, and but very rarely in the principal galleries of Europe. These two Flemish painters possess the great merit of having opened a more extensive sphere for the art, by the introduction of painting in oil; and with them commences a new epoch in painting. In this new species of painting their own works have never yet been surpassed.

JOHANNES VAN EYK, brother to Hubertus van Eyk, of Maaseyk: born 1370, died 1441.—See the preceding.

ANTONIO VITO, of Pistoia, 1400. Works in the capitolo of S. Niccola at Pisa, which were transferred to him by Starnina, whose pupil he was.

MASOLINO DA PANICALE, of Panicale, 1400. Several esteemed works at Florence. A pupil of Starnina.

ANDREA DI GIOVANNI, of Orvieto, 1405. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

BARTOLOMMEO DI PIETRO, of Orvieto, 1405. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

LIPPO DALMASI, of Bologna, 1405. Many works at Bologna, Ferrara, and Florence.

TADDEO BARTOLI, of Siena, 1405. Many pictures at Siena in the palace della Signoria, in S. Agostino, in the Campo Santo at Pisa, and at Arezzo. He was the son and pupil of Bartolo de Fredi.

GALASSO ALGHISI, of Ferrara, 1405. Many pictures at Ferrara, and in other cities of Lombardy.

CRISTOFORO DA FERRARA, of Ferrara, 1405. Many pictures at Ferrara.

ANTONELLO DI MESSINA, of Messina, 1405. Many pictures in Italy, especially at Venice and Florence, and likewise in Sicily. The first oil-painting seen in Italy was an altar-piece in S. Cassiano at Venice, the production of his pencil. He was a pupil of Johannes van Eyk, and the first Italian who brought the art of oil-painting, which he learned at Bruges, to Italy.

ANTONIO DI FERRARA, of Ferrara, 1405. Many works at Ferrara.

ANTONIO ALBERTI, of Ferrara, 1405. Many works at Ferrara.

DOMENICO, of Venice, 1405. Many works at Venice, Loreto, Perugia, and Florence. Of his performances in oil,

which were some of the earliest oil-paintings in Italy, a St. Francis and St. Dominic, formerly at Florence, are highly celebrated. He was a pupil of Antonello di Messina, who instructed him in the art of painting in oil.

FRANCESCO DA COTTIGNOLA, of Ferrara, 1405. Many works at Ferrara.

GIROLAMO FIORINI, of Ferrara, 1405. Many works at Ferrara.

COSIMO TURRA, of Ferrara, 1420. Many works at Ferrara.

FRANCESCO DEL COSSA, of Ferrara, 1420. Many works at Ferrara.

DOMENICO BARTOLI, of Siena, 1420. Many works at Siena, and in S. Trinità at Florence. He was the grandson and pupil of Bartolo de Fredi.

DON LORENZO, of Florence, 1420. Many works in the convent degli Angioli at Florence, where he was a monk. He was of the school of Taddeo Gaddi, and was equally distinguished for drawing and colouring.

P. FRANCESCA, of Florence, 1420. Several battle-pieces, night-pieces, and portraits.

PISANO, of S. Vito, near Verona, 1420. Works in S. Anastasia, S. Fermo, S. Stefano, &c. at Vito and Verona. Works in the palace of the Doge at Venice, in the Lateran at Rome, and at Florence.

ALVARO DI PIERO, of Florence, 1420. Pictures at Florence.

MARCO, of Montepulciano, 1420. Various paintings at Montepulciano, Florence, and Siena. He was a pupil of Lorenzo di Bicci.

PAOLA UCCELLO, of Florence, 1420. He painted many pieces with animals, especially birds, and likewise landscapes. He was a pupil of Ant. Veneziano, and was the first artist who is known to have excelled in painting animals and landscapes.

LORENZO GHIBERTI, of Florence, 1420. Various paintings on glass, under the cupola in the cathedral of Florence, and in other edifices in the same city. He excelled in painting upon glass.

FRA GIOVANNI DA FIESOLE, of Fiesole, 1420: born 1387. Miniature-paintings at Fiesole, and at Florence; a Madonna, with the infant Jesus, in the Certosa at Florence; a coronation of the Madonna, and a Madonna with two saints, in the same place. Fresco paintings in S. Maria Novella, in the Capitolo di S. Marco, with many portraits, an altar-piece in the same edifice, in the Nunziata, and in many churches, convents, and houses in Florence. Many works in S. Domenico at Fiesole, at Orvieto, at Cortona, and particularly at Rome, where many exquisite pieces by him are to be seen in the Vatican. He excelled in drawing, colouring, and composition. His style possessed truth, purity, dignity, and expression; and his execution is highly finished. He studied even in his later years, after the younger Masaccio.

GENTILE DA FABRIANO, of Fabriano, 1420. Many works in the great council-house at Venice, at Siena, Florence, and Perugia. He was a pupil of Fiesole, whom he almost equalled in his works.

MASACCIO DA S. GIOVANNI, of Valdarno, in Tuscany, 1420: born 1402, died 1443. An altar-piece *a tempera* in S. Ambrogio, in Florence. Fresco paintings in the abbey, in S. Maria Novella, in S. Maria Maggiore, and in the church del Carmine, at Florence. Fresco paintings in the church del Carmine at Pisa, and in S. Clemente at Rome. He was the first great Christian painter of modern times, through whom the art was materially advanced, and whose works were particularly studied by Fiesole, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael.

NERI, of Florence, 1430. Various works at Florence. He was the son and pupil of Lorenzo di Bicci.

BICCI, of Florence, 1430. Various works at Florence. He was the son and pupil of Lorenzo di Bicci.

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI, of Florence, 1430: born 1400; died 1470. An altar-piece in S. Ambrogio at Florence, as also in the Camaldulensian convent in the same city. Many works at Rome, Fiesole, Spoleto, Perugia, Arezzo, Prato, and Pistoia. He studied the works of Masaccio.

ATTAVANTE, of Florence. Admirable miniature-paintings in Florence, Venice, and other cities of Italy. He was the first celebrated miniature-painter.

GIACOMO FILIPPO, of Ferrara, 1430. Many works at Ferrara.

FRA DIAMANTE, of Florence, 1440. Various works at Florence, and particularly in the church of the Carmelites in Prato. He was a pupil of Filippo Lippi, and of distinguished merit.

ALESSIO BALDOVINETTI, of Florence, 1440. Many works in fresco and oil, but especially portraits, animals, and landscapes, together with historical compositions. He was a pupil of Paolo Uccello, and excelled in landscapes.

LAZZARO VASARI, of Arezzo, 1440. Many works at Arezzo, Perugia, Siena, and Spoleto, chiefly upon glass. He was a pupil of Pietro della Francesca, and particularly happy in the delineation of strong emotions.

JACOPO DEL SELLAJO, of Florence, 1440. Many works at Florence, Pisa, and other cities of Tuscany. He was a pupil of Filippo Lippi.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

HOW TO PRESERVE THE EYES—GENERAL RULES FOR THE CHOICE OF SPECTACLES, AND METHOD OF JUDGING UNDER WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES THE EYESIGHT MAY BE ASSISTED BY GLASSES.

THERE is no branch of popular knowledge of which it is more important that every individual should know something, than that which treats of the various imperfections of sight, or how to preserve the eyes.

Though it may be impossible to prevent the absolute decay of sight, whether arising from age, partial disease, or illness; yet by prudence and good management the natural failure of sight may certainly be retarded, and the general habit of the eyes strengthened. In attempting to say something with regard to the rules for the preservation of sight, it is not my intention to enter into a medical discussion; but the importance of the subject will, I flatter myself, be a sufficient apology for the following lines.

With regard to the preservation of the eyes, it is certain that there is nothing which preserves the sight longer, than always using, both in reading and writing, that moderate degree of light which is best suited to the eye; too little light strains the sight, too great a quantity dazzles it, and the eyes are less hurt by the want of light, than by the excess of it. Too little light, if uniformly used, never does any harm to the eyes, unless they are strained by efforts to see objects to which the degree of light is inadequate; but too great a quantity of light has, by its own power, destroyed the sight. Thus many have

brought on themselves blindness, by sudden and frequent exposure to a vivid or dazzling light; others have injured their sight, without being aware of it, by frequently and daily passing from a dark place into bright daylight. How hurtful the looking upon luminous objects is to the sight, becomes evident from its effects in those countries which are covered the greater part of the year with snow, where blindness is exceedingly frequent, and where the traveller is obliged to cover his eyes with crape, to prevent the dangerous and often sudden effects of too much light. Even the untutored savage tries to avoid the danger, by framing little wooden cases for his eyes, with only two narrow slits.

Before I proceed to state a few general maxims, necessary for the preservation of sight, I shall mention the following cases, which are so applicable to the present article as to want no apology for their insertion here; though, if any were necessary, the use they will probably be of to those whose complaints arise from the same and similar causes, would, I presume, be more than sufficient for that purpose.

A lady from the country coming to reside in St. James's square, was afflicted with a pain in the eyes, and a decay of sight. She could not look upon the stones when the sun shone upon them, without great pain. This, which she thought was one of the symptoms of her disorder, was the real cause of it. Her eyes, which had been accustomed to the verdure of the country, and the green of the pasture-ground before her house, could not bear the violent and unnatural glare of light reflected from the stones. She was advised to place a number of small green shrubs in the windows, so that their foliage and tops might hide the pavement and be in a line with the eye. She received benefit from this simple change in the light, though her eyes were before on the verge of little less than blindness. And farther:

A gentleman of the law had his lodgings in Pall-Mall, on the north side; his front windows were exposed to the full noon, while the back parlour, having no opening but into a small close yard surrounded with high walls, was dark: he wrote in the back room, and used to come from that into the front to breakfast, &c. His sight grew weak, and he had a constant pain in the balls of his eyes; he tried spectacles, and advised with oculists, equally in vain. Being soon convinced, that coming suddenly out of his dusky study into the full daylight very often in the day, had been the real cause of the disorder, he took new lodgings, by which, and forbearing to write by candle-light, he was soon cured.

Other instances might be mentioned where persons, living in dark rooms, and whose employment obliged them to come frequently in the course of the day to a window which admitted the direct light of the sun, acquired a weak sight by this unexpected cause only.

From these facts it becomes evident, that those who have weak eyes should be particularly attentive to the circumstances just stated. The following rules may be laid down as general maxims to preserve the sight:—

1. Never sit for any length of time either in absolute gloom, or exposed to a blaze of light. The reason on which this rule is founded, proves the impropriety of going hastily from one extreme to the other, whether of darkness or of light, and shows us that a southern aspect is improper for those whose sight is weak and tender.

2. Avoid reading small print, and straining the eyes by looking at minute objects.

3. Do not read in the dusk, nor, if the eyes be disordered, by candle-light. Happy those who learn this lesson betimes, and begin to preserve their sight before they are reminded by pain of the necessity of sparing it. The frivolous attention to a quarter of an hour of the evening, has cost numbers the perfect and comfortable use of their eyes for many years: the mischief is effected imperceptibly, and the consequences are inevitable.

4. Do not permit the eyes to dwell on glaring objects, more particularly on first waking in a morning: the sun should not of course be suffered to shine in the room at that time, and a moderate quantity of light only be admitted. It is easy to see that, for the same reasons, the furniture, walls, and other objects of a bed-room, should not be altogether of a white or glaring colour; indeed those whose eyes are weak, would find considerable advantage in having green for the furniture and prevailing colour of their bedchamber. Nature confirms the propriety of this fact; for the light of the day comes on by slow degrees, and green is the universal colour which she presents to our eyes.

5. Those individuals who are rather long-sighted, should accustom themselves to read with less light, and with the book somewhat nearer to the eye than what they naturally like; while others, that are rather short-sighted, should use themselves to read with the book as far off as possible. By these means both will improve and strengthen their sight, while a contrary course increases its natural imperfections.

Such are the general rules, which cannot fail to preserve the sight; and blindness, or at least miserable weakness of sight, is often brought on by neglect of these unsuspected causes. The prevention of this malady is easy, but the cure may be difficult, and perhaps impracticable.

General Rules for the Choice of Spectacles, and Method of judging when the Eyesight may be assisted and preserved by Glasses.

To detail those circumstances which are in general marks of advancing age, and always of partial infirmity, must be ever unpleasant, and would be equally unnecessary, if it were not the means of lessening the inconveniencies attendant on those stages of life. Increasing years have a natural tendency to bring on an impaired sight, and earlier among those who have made the least use of their eyes in their youth. But whatever care be taken of the sight, the decay of nature cannot be prevented. To relieve the organ of sight, which is the source of the most refined pleasure, is therefore certainly a desirable object. To enable persons who are in want of assistance, to determine whether spectacles will be advantageous or detrimental, and what kind will best suit their sight, and

to instruct those who already use glasses, that they may discover whether the spectacles they have chosen are adapted to the imperfection of their sight, or are such as will increase their complaint and weaken their eyes, are subjects worthy of the consideration of every individual.

The most general and perhaps the best rule that can be given to those who are in want of assistance from glasses, in order to their chusing such spectacles as may suit the state of their eyes, is to prefer those glasses which shew objects nearest their natural state, neither enlarged nor diminished, the glasses being near the eye, and that give a blackness, sharpness, and distinctness to the letters of a book, neither straining the eye, nor causing any unnatural exertion of it: for no spectacles can be said to be properly accommodated to the eyes, which do not procure them ease and rest. If the spectacles fatigue the eyes, we may safely conclude, either that we have no occasion for them, or that they are ill made, or not proportioned to our sight: and though in the choice of spectacles every one must finally determine for himself which are the glasses through which he obtains the most distinct vision, yet some confidence should also be placed in the judgment of the skilful optician of whom they are purchased, and some attention paid to his directions.

An advanced age, it remains to be stated, is by no means an absolute criterion by which we can decide upon the sight, nor will it prove the necessity of wearing spectacles: for, on the one hand, there are many individuals whose sight is preserved in all its vigour to an advanced old age; while, on the other hand, the sight may be impaired in youth by a variety of causes, or vitiated by disease. Nor is the defect either the same in different persons of the same age, or in the same persons at different ages; in some the failure is natural, in others it is acquired by various circumstances, which it is unnecessary to detail. But from whatever causes the decay of sight arises, an attentive consideration of the following rules will enable any one to judge for himself, when his eyesight may be assisted or preserved by the use of proper glasses.

1. When we are obliged to remove small objects to a considerable distance from the eye in order to see them distinctly.

2. If we find it necessary to get more light than formerly; as, for instance, to place the candle between the eye and the object.

3. If on looking at and attentively considering a near object, it fatigues the eye and becomes confused, or if it appears to have a kind of dimness or mist before it.

4. When the letters of a small print are seen to run into each other, and hence, by looking steadfastly on them, appear double or treble.

5. If the eyes are so fatigued by a little exercise, that we are obliged to shut them from time to time, so as to relieve them by looking at different objects.

When all these circumstances concur, or any of them separately takes place, it will be necessary to seek assistance from glasses, which will ease the eyes, and in some degree check their tendency to become worse: whereas if they be not assisted in time, the weakness

will be considerably increased, and the eyes be impaired by the efforts they are compelled to exert.

It is therefore evident that spectacles can only be said to be preservers of the sight, or recommended as such, to those whose eyes are actually beginning to fail; and that it would be as absurd to advise the use of spectacles to those who feel none of the foregoing inconveniencies, as it would be for a man in health to use crutches to save his legs.

PREPARATION OF GOLD AND SILVER BRONZE.

A beautiful gold-coloured powder has long been known in the arts, under the name of *bronze powder*, or *mosaic gold*, and is chiefly prepared at Nuremberg, in Germany, where the process is said to be kept a secret. It is met with in commerce of different colours, and always is in the form of a scaly powder, very soft and glossy to the touch, readily rubbed down between the fingers, and when the colour is brought out by a little friction, it has a fine golden metallic lustre. It is chiefly used for giving a bronze colour to figures of plaster of Paris, in japanning, in varnish-painting, and for other ornamental purposes. As most of the receipts that have been given by different authors for preparing this article, are but ill suited to ensure success, we shall here lay before our readers the best and most economical method for obtaining it.

Take 12 oz. of grain tin; 7 oz. of flower of sulphur; muriate of ammonia and quicksilver, of each 6 oz.: melt the tin by itself, and when cooled a little, pour into it the quicksilver; and when the amalgam thus produced is cold, let it be rubbed to powder, mix it with the sulphur and muriate of ammonia, and sublime the whole in a glass flask on a sand-bath. Apply a gentle fire for some time, till the white fumes which issue from the orifice of the flask begin to cease; then raise the heat till the sand becomes red hot; and keep the heat at that point, neither increasing nor diminishing it, for a considerable time, according to the quantity of the materials. The matrass when cold, if broken, will afford a beautiful mass of gold bronze. A good deal of care is required in this process with regard to the management of the heat: if the fire is too slack, no bronze will be formed; and if urged beyond a moderate redness, the product will have a dull, dirty appearance, and be without lustre. It is not absolutely necessary that the operation be performed in a glass flask, it may be done as well in a crucible. To make 10 or 12 lbs. of it, requires about eight hours.

Preparation of Silver Bronze.

This metallic compound, which is in the form of extremely minute silvery flakes, is used as a pigment, for giving a silver metallic lustre to plaster casts, metal, paper, &c. It is prepared in the following manner:—

Take 3 oz. of grain tin, and the same quantity of bismuth; melt them together in a crucible or iron ladle, and stir the alloy till a complete union has been obtained. Then take the crucible out of the fire, and when the fused mass begins to solidify, pour into it 3 oz. of quicksilver previously heated, and stir the mass together.

Previously to using this amalgam, it must be ground on a stone or Wedgwood's mortar, with the white of egg and spirit-varnish, and in this state applied to the intended work. When dry it may be burnished in the usual manner, and has then very much the appearance of silver.

PROCESS OF REMOVING SPOTS OF OIL AND GREASE FROM BOOKS AND PRINTS.

After having gently warmed the paper soiled with grease, wax, oil, or any other fatty body whatever, take out as much as possible of it by means of blotting-paper; then dip a small brush in rectified oil of lemons or turpentine*, previously warmed, and draw it gently over both sides of the paper, which must be carefully kept warm. This operation may be repeated as many times as the quantity of the fat body imbibed by the paper, or the thickness of the paper, may render necessary. When the greasy substance is entirely removed, recourse may be had to the following method to restore the paper to its former whiteness, if not completely restored by the first process:—Dip another brush in a mixture of one part by bulk, of sulphuric ether, and two of alcohol, and draw it in like manner over the place that was stained, and particularly round the edges, to remove the border that may still exist as a stain. By employing these means, with proper caution, the spots will totally disappear; the paper will resume its original whiteness; and if the process has been employed on a paper written on with common ink, or printed with printer's ink, it will experience no alteration.

* The article sold in the shops under the name of *scouring drops*, is nothing else than oil of lemons.

METHOD OF DESTROYING OR DRIVING AWAY EARTH-WORMS, CATERPILLARS, AND OTHER INSECTS WHICH ARE HURTFUL TO FIELDS AND GARDENS.

Though it is certain that earth-worms occasion great destruction by gnawing the tender filaments of the roots of shrubs and plants; and that other insects, such as caterpillars, &c. are exceedingly hurtful both to the fields and gardens, few persons have given themselves the trouble to devise any remedy for this evil. As the destructive power of quick-lime, with an alcali, when applied to organic matter, has been long known, this substance has been proved the cheapest and most effectual to destroy those animals. A weak solution of common pearl-ash rendered caustic by slaked quick-lime, and formed into a fluid of the consistence of milk, need only be poured into those holes in which the earth-worms reside under ground; the effect of which will be, that the animal will immediately throw itself out of its abode, and, after various contortions, either languish or die. If the leaves of plants or fruit-trees frequented by caterpillars be sprinkled over with a diluted liquor of this kind, the insects suddenly contract their bodies and drop to the ground: for though nature has defended them tolerably well by a covering of hairs from any thing that might injure their delicate bodies, yet, as soon as they touch with their feet or mouth, leaves which have been

moistened by this liquor, they become as it were stupified, instantly contracting themselves, and fall down.

With regard to the vegetable substances to which a dilute solution of the caustic alcali is brought into contact, it will be proved that they suffer no injury. The fluid should be applied during a dry season. It may be prepared by dissolving one part of American pearl-ash or pot-ash, or common subcarbonate of pot-ash or soda, or the impure alcali called grey salt, in 20 parts of water, and adding to the mixture four parts of slaked quick-lime, and a sufficient quantity of water to form a fluid of the consistence of thin cream.—The want of pearl-ash may be supplied by eight or ten times the quantity of common wood-ashes.

PROCESS OF MAKING STILTON CHEESE.

The Stilton cheese, which may be called the Parmesan of England, is not confined to Stilton and its vicinity, for many farmers in Huntingdonshire, and also in Rutland and Northamptonshire, make a similar sort, sell them for the same price, and give them the name of Stilton cheeses; and there is no doubt that the inhabitants of other counties might make as good cheese as that of Stilton, if they would adhere to the right plan, which is this:—

Take the night's cream and put it to the morning's new milk, with the rennet; when the curd is separated, let it not be broken, as is done with other cheese, but take it out, disturbing it as little as possible, and suffer it to dry very gradually in a sieve; and as the whey separates, compress it gradually till it has acquired a firm consistence; then place it in a wooden hoop, and suffer it to dry very gradually on a board; taking care, at the same time, to turn it daily with close benders round it, and which must be lightened as the cheese acquires more solidity.

The celebrated cream-cheese of Lincolnshire is made by adding the cream of one meal's milk, to milk which comes immediately from the cow; these are pressed gently two or three times, turned for a few days, and disposed for sale, to be eaten while new, with radishes, sallad, &c.

PERSIAN METHOD OF INLAYING ENGRAVED SILVER WITH A DURABLE BLACK ENAMEL.

It is well known that all the rich articles of silver plate brought from Persia and India are ornamented with a beautiful glossy black enamel, which very neatly fills up the engraved ornaments of the articles. The process practised for that purpose by the Indian, and of late also by the Russian jewellers, is the following:—

They take ½ oz. of silver, 2½ oz. of copper, 3½ oz. of lead, 12 oz. of sulphur, and 2½ oz. of muriate of ammonia. These substances are melted together, and the mass poured into a crucible which has been previously filled with pulverized sulphur. The crucible is then immediately covered, and the mass, when cold, is again exposed to heat, to drive off the superfluous quantity of sulphur which has not combined with the metallic compound. The muriate of ammonia is of course not only decomposed, but also volatilized, during the process,

The mass obtained, which is a true super-sulphuret of the metals employed, is then coarsely pulverized, and with a solution of muriate of ammonia formed into a paste, which is rubbed in the engraved ornaments of the silver. The article is then wiped clean, and suffered to become so hot under a muffle, that the substance rubbed into the cuts made in the silver by the engraver, melts, and chemically combines with the metal. The silver is afterwards wetted with the solution of muriate of ammonia, and again placed under a muffle till it becomes red hot; and, lastly, the engraved surface is polished, and the substance let into the engraved surface exhibits the colour and solidity of a fine black glossy enamel, which suffers no change by age.

PRESERVATION OF GUNPOWDER.

Gunpowder, by reason of the nitre which enters into its composition having been partially deprived of its water of crystallization, and the known attraction of charcoal for humidity, is always somewhat disposed to deliquesce; and although it does not actually liquefy, or become unfit for some of the purposes to which it is applicable, yet for those of the sportsman, to whom the quickness of its communication is of the highest consequence, it is generally in a state very inferior to what it would be found if a greater degree of care was taken in its preservation. It is only when it has received but a very slight injury from damp, that the mischief is capable of a remedy; when once it has become at all concreted, drying it will no longer restore its power. The nitre will be found, on examination with a magnifier, to be crystallized, and the strength and quickness of the powder are considerably and permanently impaired, probably even before this symptom has appeared. It is evident that no vessel is sufficiently close to prevent this circumstance from taking place, but such as is perfectly air-tight. There cannot perhaps be a much stronger proof of the insufficiency of the packages in general use for this purpose, than the opinion of a considerable dealer in this article, to whom the matter was lately mentioned. He said he was convinced that powder would be found to "give" in some states of the weather, though the vessel which contained it was ever so close: a notion which may perhaps have contributed to prevent the adoption of more effectual means. He added, that it is found to do so in the tin canisters as much as when packed in brown paper. The remedy is, however, extremely easy. Nothing more is necessary than to cut off the communication with the atmosphere: any vessel in which chemists keep muriate of lime, acetate of pot-ash, or common salt of tartar, dry, will of course keep gunpowder in the same state of perfection as when first inclosed. For a quantity not exceeding a pound, which is not intended to be frequently removed from place to place, common ten or twelve-ounce phials answer extremely well; and if half a dozen of them be put into a case, there cannot perhaps be a more convenient magazine. They should be filled as full as possible, and the powder well corked up at the necks, the corks being tied

over with bladder and tinfoil. As, however, there might be some danger of explosion from the accidental fracture of one of these, if this method were to be adopted for large quantities, it would, in that case, be necessary to use some other material than glass; and if instead of the slide now inserted into the tin canister, a turned pewter neck, like that of a common phial, and capable of being likewise stopped with a small cork, were soldered into the top, and in order to get out the contents, that it should be let into a semi-cylindrical hollow in the side of the canister: when corked up, the top of the cork might be cut off, and the whole aperture covered with a plaster of thick drying paint, or wax and turpentine spread on a piece of tinfoil. None of the flasks, the best of which are those of copper or tin, are fit for preserving the powder longer than when in use; during which the charger should be kept corked—a precaution the effects of which will be found considerable.

There are some, perhaps, who may not conceive these remarks to be very materially conducive to the general reader, but he to whom it has frequently happened to miss an excellent cross shot, from his powder hanging fire—*quæque ipse miserrima vidi*—will scarcely consider this as the least important article in the November *Repository*.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

MARY DE MEDICIS.

By Madame de Genlis.

Mary, daughter of Francis II. of Medicis, Grand-Duke of Tuscany, and wife of Henry the Great, was born at Florence in 1600. The imperious, jealous, and ambitious character of Mary, caused all her misfortunes; with a more liberal mind, she might have acted a great part after the death of Henry IV.: she had courage and dignity, if not in her character, at least in her ideas—useless or dangerous qualities in a princess-regent who wants discrimination and understanding. Mary wished to govern, but had not capacity; she misplaced her confidence, and the hatred excited by her friends was extended to herself. The people, more equitable than they are generally considered, do not hold princes responsible for the faults of their ministers, when they have chosen them through motives of public utility; but they do not excuse them when a favourite, without merit or abilities, is elevated, because they suppose that the sovereign has acted less for the interest of the state, than to gratify a personal affection, which, in this case, is always a culpable, and often a ridiculous weakness. The President Henault has made use of a striking and terrible expression concerning this queen, notwithstanding the moderation of his language. "She did not appear," says he, "either surprised or afflicted enough at the tragic death

of one of our greatest kings." This is all that history, in the absence of proofs, permitted him to say; it ought to be added, that the whole life of Mary de Medicis screens her from a suspicion which makes us shudder. If she had been a premeditated accomplice in the most horrible of assassinations, is it likely that this would have been her only crime? Mary, by permitting herself to be governed for a long time by the Marshal d'Ancre and his wife, lost the public love and the confidence of her son. This marshal, when ordered to be arrested by Louis, was killed in attempting to defend himself. It is well known that his corpse was dug up by the populace, dragged through the streets, and cut into a thousand pieces; that his intestines were thrown into the Seine, and the rest of his body burnt upon the Pont-Neuf; that a man tore out his heart, had it cooked, and ate it publicly; and that this action was applauded by an innumerable multitude. The death of the unfortunate marshal, and the punishment of his wife, extinguished the civil war. Mary was exiled to Blois, whence she escaped to Angouleme. Richelieu, then Bishop of Luçon, and afterwards cardinal, reconciled the mother and son. Mary, dissatisfied at the non-performance of the treaty, rekindled the war; she was soon obliged to submit; but the king's favourite, the Constable de Luynes, an enemy of the queen, died, and Mary regained her influence over the mind of the weak Louis XIII. She caused her superintendent, Richelieu, to be admitted into the council. She pretended to reign through him, and Richelieu wished to govern for the good of the state, and for the glory of France. The ingratitude of Richelieu has been severely censured; but does gratitude require from a minister the sacrifice of his understanding? Mary complained and threatened; she resolved to ruin the friend who refused to become her creature; but the genius of Richelieu was capable of defeating all the intrigues of malice, hatred, and ambition. The cardinal used every endeavour to soften the unjust resentment of the queen; but finding that she was inflexible, and was now become his implacable enemy, he directed his thoughts to her removal for ever from court. But, after having already exhausted all the arguments which could induce the king to be reconciled to even a guilty parent, and after having detailed and spoken so highly of the sacred rights of a mother and the duties of filial piety, how could he prevail on Louis to banish this same queen? At this critical period Richelieu had recourse to a most artful expedient. A secret council was assembled, in which the cardinal spoke at great length; he began by owning, that the invincible enmity of the queen to him took away all his hopes of restoring internal tranquillity: he added, that a sovereign could not balance between his mother and his minister; that he expected to be sacrificed; that he consented to it; that he tendered his resignation; that he felt but one regret, that of leaving the state in so critical a situation. He afterwards drew so lively and striking a picture of the dangers which threatened France, that Louis XIII. na-

turally concluded, that he who could so ably develope all the evils he had to fear, could alone prevent them. It was then unanimously resolved to remove the queen, at least for a time. She was permitted to chuse her place of residence; and all those who had been attached to her, were either exiled or confined in the Bastille. These persecutions were odious and indiscreet: true policy is always generous; it ought to have all the forms of justice and of greatness, because it is the expression of the principles of the morality and of the sentiments of the prince. These arbitrary measures were of benefit to the cause of Mary. She was now regarded as an oppressed queen and mother. Louis XIII. published a declaration, addressed to the parliaments and governors of the provinces, to justify his conduct and that of his minister; in which step he lowered himself, and shewed the last degree of weakness. A good king ought to account to his subjects for the motives of a war, or any great political action, but he ought to throw a veil over domestic affairs; he is wanting in dignity when he gives an useless publicity to what passes in his family. Louis could not justify his having removed his mother from court, and confining her, without complaining heavily of her; and that alone is a fault which causes very few to give credit to the justification. In short, if Louis XIII. had known his duty and his privileges, he would have respected his mother, and assumed the royal authority without noise or confusion.

Mary, detained at Compiegne, escaped, and retired to Brussels in 1631. From that time she neither saw her son nor Paris, which she had embellished with monuments that perpetuate her memory. A troublesome and jealous wife, an ambitious mother and regent, a violent, vindictive, and imprudent princess, Mary worthily maintained the glory of the name of Medicis, so dear to the Muses and to the friends of the arts. The beautiful palace of the Luxembourg was built by her orders; she caused superb aqueducts (works till her time unknown in France) to be erected, and founded monasteries. To her we are indebted for the promenade which still bears the name of *Cours de la Reine*, and for the admirable gallery of pictures painted by Rubens, which contains, among other master-pieces, that in which Minerva advises Henry the Great to unite himself with Mary, and that representing Mary just before the birth of Louis XIII. Mary protected the father of French poetry; she knew how to appreciate the verses of Malherbe. This princess, the widow of Henry the Great, the mother of a king of France, mother-in-law of two kings, and grand-mother of Louis the Great, died in indigence at Cologne, July 3, 1642. The dreadful privations to which this unhappy princess was reduced during the last years of her life, will always be an indelible stain on the character of Louis XIII. We can scarcely conceive, that (independently of all filial affection) a sovereign, a king of France, could have so little generosity as to permit his mother to remain in such a situation. This monstrous desertion is as injurious to the regal character, as revolting to nature.

The prelate Chigi, then nuncio, and afterwards pope, by the name of Alexander VII. was with Mary when on her death-bed, and asked her if she pardoned her enemies, especially the Cardinal de Richelieu. She answered, "Yes, with all my heart." The nuncio proposed to her to send to the cardinal, as a mark of her entire forgiveness, a bracelet which she wore on her arm. The queen replied, "That is too great a condescension:" an answer which at any other time would have been perfectly natural. Mary admired devices; she had taken in 1608 a Juno leaning upon her peacock, with these words, *Viro partuque beata.* After the death of Henry IV. she took a pelican opening her bosom for her young, and this motto, *Tegit virtute minores.* The passions of this princess were so violent, that her anger became madness: it is said she wept with such vehemence, that her tears did not flow, but started forth in a frightful manner.

MISCELLANIES.

THE NATURE AND USE OF DAY-LIGHT:

A recent Discovery in the Philosophy of the FINE ARTS.

Night's tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's top.——SHAKSPEARE.

ON the last day of the celebrated EXHIBITION of DUTCH and FLEMISH PICTURES at the BRITISH INSTITUTION, I remained watching the solemnity of their effect as the gloom of the evening advanced. I reflected on the lasting fame of the *Old Masters* whose works hung around me, and imagined how gratifying it must be to the Spirits of these Great Men, to be permitted to witness the admiration still bestowed upon them.

Whether I uttered this thought or not, I cannot say; but immediately a voice near me exclaimed, in a hollow tone, "Mighty gratifying truly!" I turned, and saw a *huge* figure wrapped in an old black silk mantle, lined with fur, standing before the picture of *The Wise Men's Offering.* It was Rembrandt himself, surrounded by a group of other figures, whom I immediately perceived to be the principal painters of this collection. The few persons who still remained in the rooms discovered them at the same moment that I did; one of whom instantly threw himself upon his knees before the *black figure,* and endeavoured to catch hold of his robe.—"Permit me," he cried, "most sublime spirit, to penetrate the gloom that surrounds thee! But, alas! what mortal eye has power to enter into the profound abyss of thy genius, or to obtain even a glimpse of that mysterious world which DARKNESS alone *illumines!*" This speech was suddenly interrupted by a horse-laugh from the whole troop of ghosts, which I thought would never have ended. Rembrandt seemed to enjoy it as heartily as any of the rest, and actually set up a shout as the astonished *Connoisseur* retreated to the staircase and made his escape.

The party now separated, and as they sauntered about the rooms, I was particularly struck by the modest air and pleasant countenance of Teniers, who ran round to all his own pictures, and at last fixed himself before No. 102. A young man ventured to approach and look at it with him. "Well, sir," said Teniers, turning sharply round, "what is your opinion of this picture?" — "I think," he replied, "that it possesses much of the true character and humour of our admirable Hogarth."—"You do me great honour indeed," replied the ghost: "but pray tell me what you think it wants."—"It would be a daring attempt, sir, in me, and an ungrateful one too," he answered, "to seek for imperfections in those works which have always afforded me the highest examples of excellence, and whose beauties first inspired me with a love of the art itself." — "Flattery, my friend," interrupted Teniers, "is too light food even for a ghost. I assure you, the great source of our happiness in this *after-life*, of which yours is but the shadow, is, to become sensible of the errors of our former existence; and whenever we revisit this mortal scene, it is to enjoy the delight of seeing that our successors have not only profited by our example, but freed themselves from our prejudices."—"Pardon me, generous spirit," replied the young man, "a reserve which even living artists do not require; from their youth upward making it their guiding principle to be sincere to themselves, and to solicit and expose themselves to every species of criticism and to every test of truth."—"Speak, then, to me," said the Spirit, "as you would to an artist of your own day who asked your opinion of his work: what deficiency is there in this picture?"—"I will tell you then freely, Teniers," said he, "and I have no doubt you will agree with me; it wants the effect of DAY-LIGHT."—"Bless me, I meant it for SUNSHINE."—"I see you did. But, pray, was there no *clear Sky* in your days? and did not THE BROAD BLUE LIGHT OF THE ATMOSPHERE shine then as it does now? It is *this* which I mean by the term DAY-LIGHT, as distinguished from *the direct light of the Sun.* And *this light from the Sky* should fall *perpendicularly* upon the *tops* of all objects, whether the sun shine upon them or not. I find, in nature, it is *this* which gives the chief splendour of sunshine, by contrasting the *golden* with the *azure light;* but your sky is so dreadfully *clouded up*, that, where the sun does not immediately strike, every object is of a sombre brown or black hue."—"By heaven! you have hit it," said the ghost, and ran directly to call his brethren, and explain to them what it seems they had none of them ever considered (1.).

I perceived that the party were thrown into some confusion. In a short time, however, he returned; and introducing the *modern critic*, they all shook hands with him: Rembrandt, in particular, seemed to squeeze him so hard, that I could almost imagine he must have felt the pressure. "What," said he, "are you the bold modern who dares to accuse the splendid, the magnificent Rubens here, of excluding from his dark autumnal shades the azure light of DAY!"—"I confess," interrupted the digni-

fied Rubens, "the charge is just; I never thought of it, and should have been glad of the hint a little earlier."—"Nay, nay, Sir Peter," exclaimed the *black spirit*, "here it shines distinctly on the *reflection* (2.) of your Cow in the water;" and he pointed to the landscape No. 8. from the collection of A. Champernoune.

"Pray, Sir Peter," said one of the company, bustling forward, and whom I once sat to for an indifferent portrait, "have the goodness to tell me your receipt for manufacturing pictures. Did you paint on a preparation of brown chiaroscuro, or not?"—"Ask my pupil Vandyke, sir; he knows all about it."—"What, is Vandyke himself here? Divine Sir Anthony, do tell me the process you used in painting this sublime picture of King Charles on horseback."—"Let me inform the gentleman," said Teniers, "I see exactly how it was done; the process was rather curious. You must know then that my friend, Sir Anthony, in his equestrian portraits, was in the habit of taking his easel into the *stable*, for the convenience of the horse; and, to supply the landscape in the back-ground, he dashed in the colours of the *sky* and trees upon *the walls of the stable*, the day before the *sitter* was to come: this you will perceive made it all extremely easy."—"But, the chiaroscuro, sir? the shadows, Sir Anthony?"—"The shadows, sir," replied that genteel Spirit, "I must frankly confess, were all done with the colour which you do me the honour to name *Vandyke Brown*."—"My excellent pupil," said Rubens, "I perceive you faithfully pursued my own method." —— "Right," interrupted Teniers, "that picture, yonder, of the Duke of Buckingham, of which the Earl of Jersey is the happy proprietor, was done exactly in the same way. You may see, my dear Vandyke, your own *favourite Brown* on the *fair* neck of that fat goddess who *flies*, if I may be allowed the expression, before the horse's head. But I wonder, exceedingly, what colour our friend Rembrandt could have used in his *Marshal Turenne*, whose temporary absence must so much enliven the collection of Earl Cowper."—"You may wonder," said he drily, "but I took the best possible way of transferring *the shades of the stable* to my equestrian portraits, by furnishing my palette with the blackest of the materials I found there."—"Fie!" interrupted the courtly Vandyke, and made a slight grimace as he turned from the picture.—"I really guessed as much," said a little mean-looking Dutch ghost, very much pitted with the small-pox, whose name neither Teniers nor Vandyke could inform me of.—"Where is Cuyp all this while?" suddenly exclaimed *the venerable father of darkness*, "where is *the sunny Cuyp?*" We turned and saw him sitting near No. —, in the truly patriarchal and pastoral occupation of his own Cowherd. "Tell us, Cuyp, your opinion; when you were a landscape-painter, what was the colour of the green grass, with a clear blue Sky shining upon it?" —"A mixture of *black* and *yellow*, to be sure," said Cuyp: at which we all burst out a-laughing; and every body crowded to look at the celebrated picture of the Cowherd; where, sure enough, we found it as he said.

"But, sir," said my portrait-painter, "it strikes me that you intended your picture to harmonize with a *black frame*."—"To be sure I did, my friend, and I succeeded too. Look at No.—. The weeds, there, in the *fore-ground* of the water are perfectly black, and the stump of wood is precisely of the same colour. In fact, I conceive a fore-ground ought always to be black, or at least dark brown. Don't tell me of your *azure light*, it may do well enough in nature; *there* grass may be green if it likes; but in *pictures* it is quite another thing."

"I confess I am decidedly of that opinion," he replied. "Put, for instance, one spot of this *azure* light on the brown side of the neck of that *flying* goddess, and you would think you saw the purple morning sky shining through a hole in the canvas."—"Your satire is strictly just," said Rubens.—"Satire, sir! I am serious. A little blue demi-tint, here and there, down the *edge* of the shadows, is what I have always observed in Rubens's——*your* pictures, I should say, and Vandyke's; and I take *them* to be as good authority as any. I don't wish to *colour* better, myself: I am none of your *experimental* painters, who set up for geniuses; they indeed seem to think that the art is always *just commencing*, and refer continually to nature, as if the principles of Art had not been long ago established. As to the landscape-painters, with their devilish *aërial perspective*, they deal so much in *thin mist*, and are so fond of space, that they leave us scarcely any thing solid to fill it. But still the *near objects* have hitherto retained some darkness and solidity: and now comes this *universal blue Sky-light* pouring down, over fore-ground and all, one faint purple glare.——For heaven's sake, let Nature be Nature, but let Art be Art still! However, the landscape-painters may be as *airy* as they please; but I chuse to keep a good house over my head, and to my mind the shade it affords is perfectly congenial. It is as natural for one who wants his portrait to sit in *a gloomy painting-room*, as to take an airing in Hyde Park when his sitting is over."

"Right, right," exclaimed Rembrandt, laughing; "but let *Marshal Turenne* be a warning against all STABLE-PORTRAITS in future."

"Not at all, sir; I approve of the effect of that picture. Why should not a general be painted *going upon some secret expedition by twilight*, an admiral in *a thunder-storm*? but neither without a punctual discharge of cannon in the back-ground: a Bishop, of course, in the *gloom* of a Gothic cathedral; the Lord Mayor in the *Mansion-House*; the Speaker of the House of Commons in that theatre of *mid-night* eloquence; Ladies and their linen, in obedience to the proverb, by *candle-light*: so that you see there is never the least necessity for the painter of human portraits to represent his sitters in broad *day-light*, or out at grass, as the horse-painter is sometimes compelled to do. And after all, when driven to the last shift, it is only taking a *poetical* licence, and then you may do as you please, and defy common sense and all the world. You may bring in *day-light* at one window, and exhibit *black*

night out at another; and if it is not directly understood, you have only to whisper to a friend, that Alderman ——, whoever it may be, is placed in a *poetical light:* and then as to scenery, a *drop scene of clouds,* let down from the top to the bottom of the picture, settles that at once."

"Well, sir," said Vandyke, addressing himself to the young amateur whose remarks had occasioned all this discussion, "what have you to say to this POETICAL LIGHT that confounds again NIGHT with DAY, which it was the first work of creation to separate?"—"I confess, sir, I am still of opinion, that the effect which *the evening Sun and a purple Sky* produce upon objects, is infinitely more delightful and affecting to the imagination, than *any artificial combination of tints* which the most elegant fancy could arrange, or the most fortunate hope to discover in the *accidental blottings on the palette.* Nor is it at all to be feared, that by admitting *Day-light* and the soft reflection of the Sky into pictures, the apparent solidity of objects would be destroyed: the very reverse would be the case; every thing would be rendered so much the more distinct and substantial by it."—"I deny that, sir," interrupted the painter of my very flattering portrait; "the attempt has been often made by a clever artist of our own day, who used to let in the Sky-light in all sorts of directions, *upwards* as well as *downwards,* and his works were noted for wanting solidity. He soon, however, gave it up, and agreed with me, that a line must somewhere be drawn between Art and Nature; that our apprenticeship to her must have an end; and that, having gained a certain proficiency, we must set up for ourselves."—"I willingly admit it, sir," replied the amateur, "but let us first faithfully and honestly attend to the lessons of Nature, and not play the truant with her. I remember the artist you allude to—whose works are indeed replete with fine taste and elegant invention, and who might have been a splendid ornament to his country had he met with the encouragement he deserved:—I remember seeing him, however, when I was a boy, painting the beautiful trees in Kensington-Gardens; and though they stood before his eyes in all the freshness of their verdure, he changed them in his painting to a hot autumnal brown. Not that he was insensible to their natural beauty, but he complained that the materials of his art were inadequate to its representation. I am convinced, however, that he thought more at the time of some *splendid artifice* in the pictures of Rubens, than of the *true* splendour of the green trees glistening in the sun, whose golden rays chequered their warm velvet shades, and which the mild reflection of the Sky served every where to relieve and heighten by its contrast. This is the true Poetical Light in which NATURE, that great and original POETESS, exhibits to us the objects of her inexhaustible invention; and it involves, to a certain degree, the union of night and day: it gives a bright and a dark side to all things; the one an immediate illumination of the Sun, the other softened by the milder halo of the Sky, which is but a reflection

of the former—the Diana to that Phœbus."—"All this is very fine," said the portrait-painter, "but you are bound to demonstrate that this NEW LIGHT will not fritter away all shadow, and with it all substance too."—"I am happy, sir," he replied, "that this is one of those positions which admit of demonstration. Substances are rendered visible, and we know them to be such only by the effect of the light which shines upon them. If the Sun's ray strike the surface of a body, we know that there is a surface that reflects it to our sight; if the dark side of this body receive some light from a neighbouring object on which the Sun also shines, we immediately perceive the surface on that side; and if the light of the SKY shine down upon all bodies, it will distinguish to us their *upper surfaces*, though not illumined by the sun, and thus determine their solidity in that direction. The light of the SKY has besides a peculiar quality, which contributes both to its beauty and utility: being in its colour strikingly contrasted to that of the SUN, it can never be mistaken for it; and, therefore, will effectually cure that flimsy and transparent appearance so frequently seen in pictures whose shadows are not absolutely black: for any other light admitted on the dark side of objects is liable to be conceived as coming through them from the sun on the opposite side. It is thus that Nature paints the solid objects of sense, and thus the understanding has learned to judge of their solidity; and were it not that these every-day appearances are little attended to by the world, though but for them no man could safely visit his next door neighbour; were *the gazers at pictures* conscious of those effects of Light which guide them intuitively every step they take, how would they wonder at the fantastic invention of the *in-door* artist who attempts to amuse them with his *poetical will-o'-the-wisp?* Should this *nonsensical* DARK LANTERN rise to light the world some morning instead of the *honest* SUN, I fear very little business would be done upon 'Change that day; and before night, unquestionably, every bone in all our skins would be broken."—"Well, sir," said the immortalizer of my ugliness, "the landscape-painters may possibly thank you for your idea; they are accustomed to wander about in the open air, and watch the effect of the skies; but the *higher departments* of painting, PORTRAIT and HISTORY, are all *in-door work.* Your PERPENDICULAR SKY-LIGHT is completely shut out there."—"Then, sir," he replied, "I would advise the historical painters to chuse that period of history when mankind was all inclosed in Noah's Ark (3.), for it seems to me quite horrible to imagine the WORLD at LARGE all *tiled-in* like a GRAND LODGE OF FREE-MASONS."

"Be that as it may, sir, I shall not ask my *sitters* to expose themselves to the cold in my back yard, in order that the *day-light* may shine down on the tops of their heads. Nor do I believe that the historical painters will take the paupers from the work-house, who usually serve as the models of their saints and apostles, to roast them in the sun in the gutters on the tops of their houses, in order that

they may see the brilliant contrast of the golden and the azure light upon their bald grey heads."—"Be it so then," replied the youth; "let the LANDSCAPE-PAINTERS first adopt the improvement. They have already done much for modern art, and one of them, in particular, distinguishes the age by the sublimity of his genius."

"He is the man, then," said Teniers; "but if he is already so great, and perhaps but poorly recompensed, he will hardly undertake the labour of fresh studies: yet, if you think there is any hope, I will *visit* him, and endeavour to urge him to one noble effort more. Such a man should pause for a moment, and reflect, that it is still in his power to add a second life, as it were, to his glory, by commencing again, and *revising* the energetic studies of youth. How rapidly and successfully might he run over this course! Let him return to the school of NATURE, and boldly submit to her strictest *examination*. He may justly appear before her with the confidence of a master, but let him be careful to unite with it the candour and simplicity that adorn her children; the only sure foundation of that confidence."

"A visit from Teniers," he replied.—"No, no, there's no necessity," interrupted Cuyp; "that's not the way."—"Give me leave, gentlemen, to put one question to you," said I, somewhat hastily: "Seeing that even in *the other world* there are differences of opinion—however, here we seem to be in both worlds at once—permit me to ask the reason of the *diversity of styles*(4.), or, as they are termed, the *different ways of seeing nature*, which distinguish the most excellent artists. When I see one paint a *brown* picture, another a *grey*, this a *purple*, that a *fiery orange*, and whole ages distinguished by the BLACK MASTERS and the WHITE, I own the Art of Painting puzzles me exceedingly. Surely Nature——"

"Sir," said Cuyp, "if you had not interrupted me, I was going to point out a method, which, if adopted, might throw some light upon that subject."—"Give me leave," said Teniers, "to make one observation, which is this, that our appearing to see Nature differently, may partly arise from our painting so much *without looking at her*; otherwise, how could this PERPENDICULAR SKY-LIGHT have escaped the notice of painters till now? But let us hear your *project*, Cuyp."—"O, sir, I am in no haste. My plan is this: That THE DIRECTORS *of this very* INSTITUTION should form a COLLECTION of genuine *studies of light and colour*, taken faithfully from *Nature* itself, *out of doors*, under all its various aspects; that they should offer adequate premiums for such studies, and every year select a few of the best from such as were presented to them. They would thus form, at very little expense, a most valuable SCHOOL for the study of COLOURING, *in which the public, as well as the artists, might educate themselves in the knowledge of Nature*(5.). And let me ask the great Rubens, if he does not think this would benefit the rising artists much more than continuing to exhibit the works of *us ancients*, which, in their present dirty and doctored

condition, I own I am not a little ashamed of."—"Bravo, Cuyp, bravo!" shouted from every one in the room, and the sound had something awful in it.—We were all, by this time, involved in profound darkness, and I began to feel a shuddering come over me. There was a dead silence for about three seconds, when Teniers said very gravely, "Rembrandt, your friend the *connoisseur* should be here *now*. What was it he said about the mysterious world, which *darkness* alone illumines? I like that fellow; but he should have carried on the idea; he should have elaborated this system of *inverted optics*, and proceeded to divide *the unreal beam* of *darkness visible* into its threefold primitive negation; and so on to——"—"Gentlemen," said my never-to-be-silenced portrait-painter, "though you seem to think you have settled the point in dispute, and propose to set our landscape-painters to work to establish the justice of your decision by the prejudged evidence and authority of Nature, I should be glad to know, in case you succeed, what the poor portrait-painters are to do?"—"Nay, not the *poor*," said Vandyke, tapping him on the shoulder, which I thought odd enough in a ghost; and Cuyp, who observed it also, touched Teniers with his elbow, which occasioned a general laugh, and the *poor* portrait-painter thought it was at him.—"Why, my good friend," said the lively Teniers, "why should this NEW LIGHT concern you? You may safely depend upon the apathy of the CITY, and even of the SQUARES at the west end of the town, to subjects of this nature; and proceed to put the whole court of aldermen into your *poetical lantern*(6.), if you think proper. Recollect, for your consolation, that there are no *watchmen* hired to parade the streets in the *day-time*, and cry, '*Past twelve o'clock, and—day-light shines down perpendicularly!*'

"Discoveries of this nature are, in the first instance, difficult, from their being wrapped up, as it were, in their own *simplicity; a cloak* which, contrary to the opinion of Tom Payne, is just of the right size *to hide itself*. But when such a simple discovery is *once made*, and the Columbus of the DAY has fixed his EGG (7.) upon the table, the spectators, surprised to see it still keep its *perpendicular direction*, either grin or frown, as they happen to take it, like the Spaniards in Hogarth's print;—and there the matter ends. Depend upon it, if all that has been said here to-night were printed in large letters in the *Morning Chronicle* to-morrow, it would not have the smallest effect upon your *sitters* or your *prices*."—"That I would engage for," said I; "for I myself, in that very paper, so long ago as the 12th of March, 1814, attempted to disturb the *philosophic torpor* of the age, by the alarming assertion, that TIME and SPACE(8), which have puzzled the philosophical world so long, are merely THE MODES OF OUR SENSITIVE FACULTY, and are stamped by US upon all the things that we perceive. I maintained further, that this position is so *self-evident*, that *it is utterly impossible to conceive a sensitive faculty in any other way;* and that this is the *true* reason why *human knowledge* is restricted, as we find it to be, and are indeed conscious it ever must be, to ob-

jects in time and space;—and that all beyond those bounds is *unintelligible* (9.). In spite of the unequivocal boldness of this assertion, and the extraordinary and indisputable *fact* by which it is so powerfully corroborated, the *philosophy* (10.) of this *truly Christian* age received this civil pat on the cheek most patiently, and on that side the redness still remains: it seems to me, therefore, a useless cruelty to strike it on the other, however fairly it may be presented for that purpose. And give me leave to ask of the great artists of past times—who are here present--what is the chief advantage they expect to result from the introduction of this *newly discovered day-light* into the pictures of the moderns, and what they conceive to be the chief merit of this discovery?"—" Sir," said Rembrandt, "the merit of this, as of all other discoveries, is its *originality;* and one great advantage which it promises, in addition to every other, is this: It *may* open the eyes of those who exert themselves to promote the Arts, to the necessity of a bold and direct appeal to Nature itself, if any thing really great is to be effected. It is possible, that when the IN-DOOR GLOOM of our OLD PICTURES comes to be explained, the world may begin to commiserate the Arts under their long and dark imprisonment, and set free the genius of the age from the restraints of AFFECTATION and PREJUDICE; those two ponderous bars, which the *Connoisseurs*, the *turnkeys* of the *dungeon*, will, it is to be hoped, some day or other quietly suffer to be removed.

"The *manifest* discovery of *this great deficiency in* OUR WORKS ought to prevent *your* continuing *indolently* and *blindly* to follow our steps, as *we* have blindly and indolently followed, *in this respect at least*, those who went before us. Such *ought to be* the result of this discovery; it should encourage artists to DARE *to look at Nature;* and it should teach the *true lovers* of art *to require it of them*, to aid their first feeble and hazardous efforts, and to protect *even their failure* from the premature triumph of that fiend, who watches the first shoots of vegetation in every little earthly paradise, to trample them beneath his feet. But, sir, if you ask whether I am very sanguine on this subject, certainly I am not. It will all come about in time;—but before that happens, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing all the present company in 'another and a better place.'"

At this the *living* and the *dead* bowed respectfully to each other; *vanished* and departed. JUDEX.

HISTORY OF LOUISA LOVEWORTH.

Mr. EDITOR,

IN the hope that the age of chivalry is not quite gone by, and that you possess gallantry enough to come to the relief of a distressed damsel, I solicit your assistance. I am, you must know, sir, most unjustly branded with the imputation of coquetry, folly, and stupidity, for no other reasons than because I am very pretty, very rich, and possessed of a moderate share of common sense: I think I hear you exclaim, "and *quantum*

sufficit of vanity into the bargain!" Softly, sage sir; if you are the man of sense I take you for, I shall, by a plain statement of facts, convince you of your mistake.

I was the only child and am the heiress of very worthy parents. From my infancy I gave promise of possessing an uncommon share of beauty, which, as I was naturally volatile and thoughtless, might have been a serious misfortune to me, but for the care of my excellent mother, who never endeavoured to conceal from me that I was handsome, but at the same time so judiciously represented to me the perishable nature of a gift, which by gaining me more notice than would otherwise be bestowed upon me, would render my mental defects more glaring, and would never extenuate them in the eyes of the wise and the good, that I grew up, thanks to her sensible precepts, more solicitous for the esteem of the few, than the admiration of the many.

With regard to the proper use of riches, my mother had no occasion to give me any advice, as her whole life was a practical illustration of how they ought to be spent. She lost my father while I was yet an infant, and she regretted him too tenderly ever to enter into a second marriage: but though in a great measure dead to the joys of life, yet she continued, for my sake, to mix with the world; and I had an early opportunity of seeing, that, by judicious management, it is possible to satisfy, out of a large income, all the claims which society has upon us, and yet reserve a sum for the relief of our distressed fellow-creatures, the amount of which would not be credited by the votaries of folly and fashion. Nor was my mother forgetful of the claims which genius, too often destined to struggle with poverty, has upon the possessors of affluence; she took care that my education should enable me justly to appreciate those claims, and her example sufficiently pointed out to me how they ought to be rewarded. But I perceive that I grow very serious, or perhaps I ought to say, very dull; so, without farther digression, I shall proceed to the cause of my present perplexities.

By the death of this exemplary parent, which happened before I reached my eighteenth year, I was placed under the guardianship of my father's aunt, Lady Dashmore; and as soon as my grief had so far subsided as to enable me to mix with the brilliant circle in which her ladyship moved, I attracted the regards of Sir George Glitter. I will not deny that the fine person, insinuating manners, and apparently open and amiable temper of the baronet, made a sensible impression upon my heart; and as I was not then quite nineteen, I hope I may be pardoned, if my imagination bestowed upon him every virtue as well as every grace. I was not, however, so far gone in *la belle passion* as to entangle myself in any engagement; all the baronet could obtain was permission to visit me as a friend, and I determined thoroughly to investigate his character and disposition before I discovered the partiality with which he had inspired me.

For some time all went well, I had reason to be satisfied with

his behaviour, and as he was very young and I heard nothing unfavourable of him, I persuaded myself that a few years would correct the exuberant vivacity of his temper, and render him all I wished. I will not detail to you, sir, the progress of my disappointment; suffice it to say, that a few months which Sir George spent with us in the country, proved to me that he was a cold, heartless being, on whom the distresses of others made not the smallest impression. He relieved the wants of the poor, it is true, principally I believe because he saw that I was hurt at his not doing so in one or two instances; but the ostentation which accompanied his gifts destroyed their value in my eyes, and cruelly hurt the feelings of those whose necessities obliged them to accept his bounty. There were also two other traits in his temper, which retirement brought forth, that must, had we been united, have marred our happiness: he had a passion for high play, and a decided dislike to literary pursuits. It was not, however, in a moment that a character so completely the reverse of what I had hoped to find it, unfolded itself, but as soon as it did, I gave the baronet a formal dismissal: he refused, however, though with an appearance of the greatest humility, to resign the hope of inducing me one day or other to favour his pretensions; and my aunt, who was very partial to him, pleaded his cause most strenuously. I persisted, however, in my resolution, and avoided him from that time by every means in my power.

I was soon afterwards introduced to a young gentleman whom my brilliant aunt and most of her circle pronounced a bore. Mr. Probit, so he was named, had nothing very striking either in his person or manners: he was grave and rather taciturn, but I observed that whenever he did speak, it was always to the purpose. As he had been a ward of the late Lord Dashmore's, he visited Lady Dashmore very frequently, and after some time I discovered that he possessed much literary and scientific knowledge, which he communicated in a manner so pleasing and unaffected, that his conversation became a great treat to me, till a circumstance occurred which damped the pleasure I took in his company, because it induced me to think him avaricious, a vice which of all others I detest. A beautiful young countess, remarkable for the generosity of her temper, produced one evening at my aunt's a petition from a poor family in the most abject state of distress, for whom she solicited subscriptions: every body gave something, and the lovely pleader was just putting up the money she had collected, when Mr. Probit entered; the countess immediately applied to him, but, to my surprise, and indeed that of the whole company, he refused to contribute to their relief, nor could all the bewitching oratory of her ladyship draw even a trifle from his purse.

Vexed even more than I cared to own to myself at his conduct, I could with difficulty behave to him in my usual manner for the rest of the evening, and I accused him in my own mind of being even more deficient in humanity than the gay

Sir George. The following day I visited the poor family, whose direction the countess had given me, and I found that their distress had not been exaggerated: but for the benevolent interference of her ladyship, the poor man would have been dragged to a prison. I found that the sum collected, with a handsome addition made to it by the countess, was barely sufficient to pay an inexorable creditor; but the woman told me, that a gentleman had visited them early in the morning, given them some money to supply their immediate wants, and promised to procure employment for her husband as soon as his health, for he was then very ill, was restored. I inquired the name of this benevolent being, but she assured me she was herself a stranger to it. Some time passed away, I frequently called to see how they went on, and I found the benevolent stranger still continued his attentions to them, but I never met him in my visits. One morning, however, I called some hours before my usual time, and on entering the house where they lodged, I saw Mr. Probit ascending the staircase. In a moment the truth flashed upon me; he did not perceive me, and I waited till he had entered their apartment before I followed him. Never before, Mr. Editor, had I an opportunity of seeing what a beautifier of the human countenance benevolence is. I had always thought Mr. Probit rather plain, but when I looked at him as he talked to the sick man, while one of the children who had nestled close to his side was placed upon his knee, and another received a book, the promised reward of his having learned the task assigned him, I wondered that I had never before been struck with the charming expression of his countenance. I could not help inquiring afterwards why he had so resolutely withstood the entreaties of the countess to relieve the poor family for whom he had secretly done so much; and I think, Mr. Editor, his answer will raise him in your estimation as it has done in mine. "The benevolence of the countess," said he, "is so well known, that it renders her exceedingly liable to imposition; I am aware that in several instances her humanity has been abused, and this most probably always will be the case, because in giving she consults her heart rather than her judgment: now as you know, my dear madam, I have but little to give, I should, in my own opinion at least, be unpardonably negligent of what I consider a sacred duty, if I did not see that little worthily bestowed."

From that time Mr. Probit and myself were good friends, and I could not help often thinking, that he was the man of all others whom my beloved mother, were she living, would have selected for my husband; but so guarded was his conduct, that I could not discover whether I had made any serious impression on his heart. In this state of uncertainty I continued for more than a year, and possessed as I was of beauty and fortune, you will not wonder that I had many admirers and not a few proposals; but I repulsed the first, and rejected the last, which gave Sir George Glitter an opportunity, as I have since been informed, of declaring that he was certain of being the happy man at last.

An accident which endangered my life revealed to me at last that the supposed indifference of Mr. Probit proceeded from a scrupulous sense of honour, and the ice once broken, we soon came to an *éclaircissement*, which ended in my consenting to receive his addresses; much to the displeasure of Lady Dashmore, to whom and her "dear five hundred friends" my conduct affords an inexhaustible theme for censure and comment. I am formally accused of having jilted Sir George, who every body says would have been an unexceptionable match for me, and of rejecting every other suitable offer, in order to throw myself away upon a man whose birth, fortune, and connections are all beneath me.

Some ladies attributed my conduct to my having imbibed Methodistical opinions; others affect to suppose, that it springs entirely from a desire to appear as unlike as possible to other people; and a third class, at the head of which is my aunt, kindly throw the whole blame on the absurd education I have received.

Now, Mr. Editor, in reply to the first of these charitable assertions, I beg leave to say, that I am both, from principle and education, a firm member of the established church; and as to the second, I can with truth declare, that far from affecting singularity, I have all my life studied to avoid it. The party who throw the blame on my education, are, I believe, nearest to the truth, and as they chiefly consist of managing mammas, I can only thank them for the kind pity I am informed they bestow upon me; and hope that their well-educated daughters, who are so sedulously taught to stifle their natural feelings, and sacrifice their fondest wishes at the shrine of mercenary Hymen, may never repent having received an education which has taught them to value so highly the things of this world.

Now, Mr. Editor, having concluded my plain, unvarnished tale, I hope you will agree with me in opinion, that it is a sufficient apology for an heiress of twelve thousand a year bestowing her hand upon a man with an income of not twice as many hundreds; and if this should be the case, you will, by giving my letter a place in your truly moral and elegant publication, oblige your constant reader and very humble servant,

LOUISA LOVEWORTH.

THE STORY OF ESUPH, OR THE MAN WHO WAS BORN TOO LATE.

AMONG all the complaints vented by irascibility, perhaps none are so well founded and irremediable as mine. I suffer bitterly every day from a cause of which I am the innocent victim, and for which I cannot even blame my parents, who, imagining that every age necessarily became wiser and wiser, promised themselves that their offspring must be happier than they were, because their children had the opportunity of adding the experience of their parents to their own observation.

Very long before I had arrived

at the age of manhood my evil stars began to shed their influence, and ere I had entered my teens, I began to find myself—yes, Mr. Editor, I began to find myself—suffering under all the sin and ignominy of coming into the world at a period when there was an end to all intellectual and moral improvement. Indeed, my very infant days passed in making this discovery, and I became enlightened through the medium of the most hackneyed truisms. Children, I have heard my mother say, children were *now-a-days* such plagues there was no doing any thing with them. When she was a child, she and her brothers were seen without being heard; but her hopeful babes were much more heard than seen. I, who was even much older than my years, was taught to behold with horror the increasing depravity of the rising generation, and made to believe, that, in spite of the theory of pretended sages, we are only treading the retrograde path of improvement. I read of so many better boys and girls in books printed by Messrs. Marshall, of Aldermanbury churchyard, at a time when these books were elegantly bound and gilt, which was long before juvenile libraries were established; and I found in *The Village School*, *The Adventures of a Mouse*, and *The Life of Goody Two Shoes*, such instances of virtue and precocity of talent, that I began to consider my mamma perfectly right in her deductions; but the depraved life of Master Tommy Hickathrift somewhat staggered me in my opinion. One day, however, she opened my eyes, and told me that all is not gold that glitters, by relating some of the childish pranks of her brother, and, among the rest, how he had been naughty one day, and as how, he being shut up in a bed-room, amused himself with cutting out the alternate squares of a red and white chequered bed-curtain, in order, as he said, to make windows. I remember I chuckled heartily at this; but I was soon stopped, by being told that this mischief had some method in it, and that the window experiment was the action of no common boy; while my depravity of yesterday, to which this was set in opposition, was horrible indeed. The dreadful crime I had been guilty of was this: Engaged in play with Miss Sukey Jenkins, a young friend of my sister's, we contrived to unlock a door to a room which was intended for a new drawing-room by my mamma, and here the furniture was placed previously to its arrangement. What a galaxy of gold struck our astonished sight! Tables were piled on chairs, and chairs on sofas; but the discovery made by Miss Sukey, a girl of a keen eye, was truly ravishing: flat on the ground lay an immense looking-glass, clearly reflecting the whole height of the room. Sukey had often been with her mamma to the bath: "How like it the glass looked! Suppose we were to bathe?" Delightful, ravishing thought! All was prepared; a chair was placed, from which my little Musidora was to plunge; but I fearing the gelid wave might be too cold for her frame, thought to try it first. Alas! the mystery of Ovid's wand waved over me. No wave clasped us, but

mamma's glass stopped my progress; under my feet its diverging cracks shewed themselves a thousand ways. The dreadful crash spared our tale. Mamma entered the room, once more convinced that the evil mind of man grows with every age, and that none but a brat of 1786 could be guilty of the depravity which shocked her sight.

At an age in which intellect begins to expand, my education was well attended to; but I found, in spite of all my assiduity, and the numerous elementary books which constantly issued from the press for my use, that I was not so forward in my learning as my father had been at the same age; although he confessed, that he had scarcely begun to read when I had been through my Latin grammar. If, however, he admitted that I knew more, he said it was less solid than the knowledge he gained; and in every effort I made towards improvement, he forced me to draw the following deductions:—That the more literature was encouraged, the quicker did human nature return to a state of ignorance; and that having been for the last century arriving at a state of human perfection, we must now necessarily descend, in an equal ratio, down the vale of ignorance.

"Unhappy child of an unpropitious era!" I exclaimed: "although no Bolingbroke writes to shake your religious faith; no American war impoverishes your country; no tobacco bills or revolutions disturb your repose, yet are you the victim of a thousand evils!" And even though Bonaparte was once more prevented from invading my native shore, still was I to be informed at common-halls and conventicles, that I lived in a city to which Nineveh herself was holy, and that even the Queen of Sheba would arise in judgment against the town in which I was doomed to vegetate. What then does such a wretch as I am in this breathing world, I know not. I expect to follow my doom, and behold the degeneracy of my country. How can I perform my religious duties, who have never heard a Tillotson, a Beveridge, or a Berkeley! how enjoy the beauties of the imitative arts, who exist when Kneller, Lely, and Rubens are no more! I who have heard of the superior excellence of Barry, Garrick, Woodward, or Pritchard, can I tamely sit to hear an O'Neil, a Kean, a Kemble, or a Siddons? The merits of a Knight, a Dowton, and a Liston, are forgotten in my father's details of a Woodward and a Shuter. I find this to be impossible; and I dwell on the full-bottomed wig of Quin's Cato, and of Garrick's Macbeth and Othello in a full-dress suit of bag-wig and sword, with English regimentals, as the most unnatural, of course the most sublime essence of wit imaginable. The applause we give to a Wellington, I find is due only to the achievements of a Marlborough or a Cumberland; and our petty cavils at the measures of ministers must bow before the invectives of a Horne, a Junius, or a Henley. Fain would I take up my pen, and tell my brethren how they are degenerated; but, alas! Milton and Shakspeare have lived before me, and inform me how useless is my exertion. Swift has hurled his invectives, and Butler lashed with

his ridicule. I have lived to be amused only with the idle attempts of people to become wiser than our ancestors. I smile at your Institutions for gaining Knowledge; your Societies for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce; your Royal Academies; and your exertions for promoting Morality and Religion. Wives are so bad now-a-days, that I have not ventured to take one of these harpies, though I have often thought they dressed almost as decently as the aunt Debs and the grandmammas hanging round me; yet where shall I find one who would work me such mohair chair-seats as that on which I am sitting, or draw me pictures equal to those non-entities which my mamma cut out with her scissars? who, like her, never shew their ignorance by opening their mouths: or who now will come to our arms, the best of all possible companions, from Mrs. Glasse's *Cookery*, *The Housekeeper's Assistant*, Nelson's *Fasts and Festivals*, *The Remains of Betsy Thoughtless*, *The Lives of Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy*, or Mrs. Rowe's *Letters*?"

Servants are nothing to what they were in my mother's time. Peaches and nectarines have not the flavour they used to have. The sun does not shine as in Queen Anne's days; the seasons are changed, and every thing, and every day, informs me of my misfortunes; while crows, choughs, and jackdaws scream out as I approach—Here comes the man who was born too late!

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XI.

The feather'd husband, to his partner true,
Preserves connubial rites inviolate.
With cold indifference every charm he sees,
The milky whiteness of the stately neck,
The shining down, proud crest, and purple wings:
But cautious, with a searching eye explores
The female tribes his proper mate to find,
With kindred colours mark'd: did he not so,
The groves with painted monsters would abound,
Th'ambiguous product of unnatural love.
The blackbird hence selects her sooty spouse;
The nightingale her musical compeer,
Lur'd by the well-known voice; the bird of night,
Smit with her dusky wings and blinking eyes,
Wooes his dun paramour. The beauteous race
Speak the chaste love of their progenitors,
When, by the spring invited, they exult
In woods and fields, and to the sun unfold
Their plumes, that with paternal colours glow.

To possess the same preferences, and the same aversions, is the definition of friendship by a celebrated writer of antiquity: and why may it not be applied to love, if friendship with woman is its sister, as the song declares? and songs, though they too often deal in nonsense, are sometimes known to enforce the most pleasing sentiments, and, with an elegant gaiety, to enliven proverbial truths. Equality in rank and fortune, equality in views and wishes, and equality in temper, in those who form the hymeneal union, afford the most certain,

because it is the most rational, prospect of matrimonial happiness.

It is a rule which ought to be observed in all occurrences of life, but particularly in the domestic or married part of it, to encourage and preserve a disposition to please and be pleased. That, however, cannot be supported, but by considering things in a right point of view, and as Nature has formed them, and not as our fancies or passions would have them.

There is an exclamation of a husband in one of the comedies of Terence, which I have read in a translation of those admirable plays (for I do not pretend to understand Latin), which has always pleased me for the warmth of his affection, the forcible promise of his fidelity, and the certainty of his happiness; but he does not rest his love upon the beauty of her person, the elegance of her manner, her grace, her wit, or her superior understanding and admirable accomplishments, but because *their tempers are the same, and their humours agree.*

I need not observe what is so well known to all, that a choice in marriage is one of the most important considerations in the progress of our existence. This state is the foundation and chief band of social life: nor can I address my unmarried readers on a subject which is so essential to their happiness. A virtuous disposition, a good understanding, an agreeable person, and an easy fortune, are objects that, as far as circumstances will allow, should be chiefly regarded in forming the hymeneal union. But as it may not be in the power of all my female readers to possess, or even to have the choice of, these united qualities, I would recommend them to consider their comparative value, and how to balance them against each other. He that has fine talents, with a moderate estate and an agreeable person, is far preferable to him who is indebted for his consequence and importance in the world to little else than his wealth; for talents may acquire riches, but riches cannot purchase talents. At the same time, wit and capacity are only estimable when they are founded on good-nature, and directed to augment or enliven the means of rational pleasure. They must have observed little of life who do not know certain ingenious men, whose abilities are too often employed in making themselves and those around them uneasy. Prone to the indulgence of vanity and the love of pleasure, they cannot support life without quick sensations and gay reflections: they are strangers to tranquillity and the calm exercise of reason; or they are either elevated into an excess of enjoyment, or sink into a state of depression. Of all men living, they are most to be avoided by her who looks for the sober joys of domestic life in a husband. Soon satiated with present objects, they fly to new acquisitions of enjoyment, and run the round of pleasure, as the bee passes from flower to flower, but unlike that sagacious insect, without collecting sweets from any of them.

At the same time, there is a kind of man, and I wish there were more of them, possessing both wit and sense, who reflects upon the duties attached to his character as a ra-

tional being, with the eyes of reason and of honour, and who, when he has entered into the married state, must consider himself as offending against both, if he did not look upon *her*, who has chosen him for her protector in sickness and health, with the most grateful regard; whether from that moment her beauty should fade, her graces should wither, or even defects should be discovered by her husband which had not appeared to the lover: such a man will think himself bound to supply with good-nature the failings of her who loves him.

When a lady is deliberating with herself whom she shall chuse from several of nearly equal pretensions, I should recommend her to take the lover who has the best understanding for her husband. Life passes heavily in the repeated conversation of one who has no imagination to enliven the several occasions and objects which present themselves to him, or who cannot strike out from his reflections new paths of pleasing discourse. Besides, prudence and discretion, domestic virtues of great value, may be supposed to form a part of the character of a man of understanding, accompanied with a power to correct failings and improve virtues. The consequence of a husband and wife who know not how to support a *téte-à-téte*, and, of course, find it irksome, may be foreseen without the gift of prophecy. I myself knew a lady who was married merely for her beauty, and who consented to be so married merely for rank and fortune; and on being asked, about three or four months after her marriage, how her lord did, replied, with a careless vivacity, that she really could not tell, as she had not asked him the question for the last six weeks.

It is not, I think, exalting the commerce of a man of understanding too high, to say, that every new accident or object is, in some way or other, made to promote the pleasure or satisfaction of his domestic circle. The wife of such a man finds a continual feast in the approbation of his words and actions; nor can she enough applaud her good fortune in having her life varied every hour, her mind more improved, and her heart more glad, from every occurring circumstance. He will employ his invention in forming new pleasures and amusements, and make the fortune which she has brought him, subservient to her honour and reputation. A man of sense, who is thus benefited, is ever contriving the happiness of her who accompanied her heart and hand with such an addition; while the fool is ungrateful, though he may not be absolutely vicious, and does not return a favour, because he is not sensible of having received it.

I was very much pleased with the declaration of a clever young unmarried lady of my acquaintance, after we had been conversing in a select company on the subject of marriage. It was this:—"I trust and hope," she observed, "I should have so much to say for myself, that if I fell into the hands of a husband who treated me ill, he should be sensible when he did so: his conscience, at least, should be of my side, whatever became of his inclination."

If my recollection serves me with accuracy, it is Mr. Addison who observes, if the letters written by men of understanding to their wives were to be compared with those written by men of gallantry to their mistresses, the former, notwithstanding some inequalities of style, would possess a complete advantage over the latter. Friendship, tenderness, and constancy, dressed in a simplicity of expression, recommend themselves by a more native elegance than passionate raptures, extravagant encomiums, and slavish adoration. If Flirtilla's cabinet could be searched, it is more than probable, that the greater part of the epistles so carefully preserved there, would be disgusting to every one but the coquette who is flattered by them. But if Aspasia's casket was examined, what would be the character of the valued letters which would be found there? I shall answer the question by giving you the character of the writer of them. Her husband, in public and private, appears to have every good quality and desirable attainment. Abroad he is esteemed and reverenced; at home he is beloved and happy. The satisfaction he enjoys there settles into an habitual complacency, which shines in his countenance, enlivens his wit, and seasons his conversation; and it is, in a great measure, owing to his being the best and best beloved of husbands, that he is the most agreeable companion, and the most steadfast of friends.

There is a sensible pleasure in contemplating such beautiful instances of domestic life. The happiness of the conjugal state appears heightened to the highest degree of which it is capable, when we see two persons of accomplished minds not only united in the same interests and affections, but in their taste for the same improvements, pleasures, and diversions. Pliny has left us, in his letter to *Hispulla*, his wife's aunt, one of the most agreeable family documents I have ever seen. Nor can I do better than conclude this paper with a translation of it, which being made by a particular friend of mine, who is a very excellent scholar, I have no doubt is perfectly correct. I am satisfied that my readers will, without reserve, agree, that conjugal love is drawn in it with a delicacy, which makes it appear, as I have represented it, an ornament as well as a virtue.

" PLINY TO HISPULLA.

" As I remember the great affection which subsisted between you and your excellent brother, and am sensible you love his daughter with the same affection as if she were your own, so as not only to express the tenderness of the best of aunts, but even to supply that of the best of fathers, I am sure it will be a pleasure for you to hear, that she proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of her and your ancestors. Her ingenuity is admirable, and her frugality extraordinary: she loves me, which is the surest pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affection to me. She reads my writings, studies them, and even gets them by heart. You would smile to see the concern she is in when I have a cause to plead, and the

joy she shews when it is over. She finds means to have the first news brought her of the success I meet with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any thing in public, she cannot refrain from placing herself privately in some corner to hear, where, with the utmost delight, she feasts upon my applauses. Sometimes she sings my verses, and accompanies them with a lute, without any master, except love, the best of instructors. From these instances I take the most certain omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness; since her affection is not founded on my youth and person, which must gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal part of me—my reputation and my glory. Nor, indeed, could less be expected from one who had the happiness to receive her education from you; who, in your house, was accustomed to every thing that was virtuous and becoming, and even began to love me by your recommendation: for as you had always the greatest respect for my mother, you were pleased, from my infancy, to form me, to commend me, and kindly to presage I should be one day what my wife fancies I am.

"Accept, therefore, our united thanks; mine that you have bestowed her on me, and her's that you have given me to her, as a mutual grant of joy and felicity."

F—— T——.

Plate 27.—THE WATERLOO BRIDGE.

The prevailing disposition of capitalists to unite in extensive speculations for the improvement of their property, the increase of the metropolis on the south side of the Thames, and the readiness with which the public avails itself of every facility of trade, have encouraged projectors to devise several plans for passing the river at London and in its neighbourhood. Of these, the bridge faithfully represented in the annexed plate, claims a high distinction, on account of the magnitude of the work and the science displayed in its erection, as well as for the advantage that it offers to the town by the judicious situation in which it is placed; this is, between Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges, being nearly equidistant from them, and near Somerset-Place, in the Strand, which spot is about the centre of London. By the act of Parliament first obtained towards its erection, it was called the Strand Bridge, but the proprietors wishing to do honour to the edifice, and to testify their admiration of the great event that so successfully signalized the fortitude and prowess of their country, and at the same time laid the foundation of a new, and it is trusted a peaceful, era in the political annals of Europe, have since named it Waterloo Bridge; and upon obtaining another act of Parliament in furtherance of their design, it was so designated. The victory of that field of glory it is worthy to commemorate, and will do so for many ages; for the construction is so judicious, the materials with which it is composed so durable, and the workmanship so excellent, that no doubt can be entertained of its stability, and no

anticipation formed of that time at which it shall be destroyed by natural decay.

This bridge differs from those that already cross the river at London, as its arches are all of an uniform size, and the top of its parapet and balustrade perfectly straight: whereas the arches of the bridges at Blackfriars and Westminster diminish gradually in width and height, as they are more or less removed from the centre arch; and their parapets form a regular curve or arched line, that also represents the rise and descent of the roads along them. In the instance of the Waterloo Bridge, the bold and elevated shore of the Strand at Somerset-Place rendered such a curve unnecessary, therefore the descent does not take place until the river is passed; it then declines easily, and connects itself with the common level of the road. The width of the Thames at the point at which it is here crossed, is greater than its general channel, and is upwards of thirteen hundred feet; the bridge is therefore made to consist of nine arches, which are semi-elliptical, each one hundred and twenty feet span; and of eight piers, each twenty feet thick, exclusive of the abutments. The piers are ornamented by coupled pillars, supporting an entablature that embraces the whole line of the bridge, and which terminates above curved recesses, that form the water-stairs on either side of its extremities; and these are also decorated by corresponding pillars: the whole will be surmounted by a balustrade and suitable supports for lamps. The stone employed in the erection is chiefly granite, and the spot on which it has been wrought, near the southern extremity, has long presented an interesting scene, from its peculiar mode of workmanship, and the ingenuity that has been exercised in the landing of the stones from the craft, conveying it to the field, and thence to its destination. The comparative ease with which the operations have been performed, must, in the minds of candid observers, remove those illiberal prejudices against the talents of the moderns and in favour of the extraordinary abilities of the ancients, which they have imbibed with an education admirably calculated to give the latter an undue superiority over the artists and engineers of the present day. Mr. Rennie is the engineer.

ADVENTURES OF A LEGACY-HUNTRESS.

Mr. Editor,

I was the only child of parents who were themselves very far from opulent, but who had each rich relations, by whom, to speak in their own phrase, they expected some day or other to be the better. During my infant years their time was passed in a perpetual vicissitude of expectation and disappointment, for these relations were all much older than themselves: however, in spite of age, illness, and the advice of the faculty, they persisted in living; and by the time I had attained my sixteenth year, my parents, wearied out with an alternate succession of hope and fear in their own behalf, generously came to a resolution to make over

the reversion (of their expectations I mean) of Mrs. Catherine Crossgrain's property in my favour.

This old lady, who was at that period considerably turned of sixty, was the most arbitrary, acrimonious, and precise of the whole sisterhood of old maids, of which she had shewn herself a determined member, often declaring that no man, who did not emulate the perfections of her favourite hero, Sir Charles Grandison, should ever be honoured with her fair hand in matrimony. Though, *entre nous*, Mr. Editor, her expectations of a Sir Charles proved her wofully deficient in one virtue at least, I mean humility, as her own character was the antipodes to that of Clementina or Miss Byron. As no counterpart of the baronet presented himself, Mrs. Catherine continued in a state of celibacy; and her temper, which in her youth was extremely bad, became in her old age insupportable: nevertheless, as soon as my parents could succeed in obtaining her consent, which happened when I was in my sixteenth year, they sent me to her, declaring that it was morally impossible for a girl, brought up as I had been, not to be able to conciliate and retain her favour.

I must do my mother the justice to say, that if I was not the most supple, patient, and assiduous of dependents, it was not her fault; for, from my earliest recollection, I had been habituated to have neither eyes, ears, nor understanding of my own. I had been so well trained, that I never presumed to question the propriety of any command given me, however it militated against my own ideas of what was right or necessary. Do not mistake me, Mr. Editor, I was never desired to do any thing actually wrong; but my mother's commands were so contradictory, and at times of so tyrannical a nature, that it required an uncommon stock of patience and good-humour to perform them without unwillingness.

I set out from home stored with advice, and flattered with presages that I should live to be a rich heiress. My nurse, the only person from whom I ever received any indulgence, accompanied me, and her predictions of my future grandeur contributed to banish the regrets which I could not help feeling at quitting home. As I had never been ten miles in my life from the small market-town in which we lived, I was equally delighted and surprised at the romantic beauty of the country through which we passed; and the nearer we approached Mrs. Crossgrain's seat, the more beautiful it became. I indulged the most pleasing anticipation of the charming walks and rides I should have, as Mrs. Crossgrain, who was, I should tell you, my maternal grand-aunt, kept a carriage; when all at once, by a sudden turn of the road, we lost sight of this delightful prospect, and entered a most dreary heath, at the extremity of which my aunt's mansion was situated. Gloomy Grove, as it was called, was worthy of its name, for there was not a room in the whole house that would not have reminded you of the cave of Trophonius. All my agreeable anticipations vanished in a moment; and I entered the apartment in which Mrs. Crossgrain was seated, with an air of gravity very foreign to my general appearance.

My seriousness proved lucky for

me, as the old lady, surveying me minutely for some moments through her spectacles, condescended to observe, that from my demeanour she was almost persuaded, that my mother's account of the solidity of my disposition was not quite the effect of maternal fondness; and having saluted my cheek, she desired me to sit down and rest before I changed my dress for dinner.

When my first emotion of terror had subsided, I ventured to look up, and I never shall forget the awe which seized me at the moment that my eyes met those of my antiquated relative, whose tall meagre figure, and pale wrinkled countenance, naturally of the longest, and rendered still more so by the height of her head-dress, the fashion of which I afterwards learned she had not changed for thirty years, were well calculated to render her truly formidable to any girl of my age.

To a cold inquiry of how I had left my parents, a profound silence of half an hour succeeded, which was broken by the old lady's remarking, that now I was rested, I had better go and change my dress, ringing at the same time for her woman, who, I must observe to you, was her mistress's counterpart, to shew me the way to my chamber. A very short time sufficed to make the necessary alteration in my dress, and I approached the dining-parlour with a lighter step than I had left the drawing-room; but I had hardly entered, when Mrs. Crossgrain, drawing up her scraggy neck with an air of indignation mingled with contempt, inquired whether I had come to her house for the express purpose of convincing her of the licentiousness of the age. "Good heavens, madam, how can you ask me such a question?" cried I, looking at her with astonishment, not unmixed with a suspicion that she was seized with a temporary frenzy.

"Because, miss," replied she, in the most acrimonious tone, "though I have often heard, I never before believed, that a young woman could exhibit her person in the indecent manner that you do yours." (I must, in justice to myself, Mr. Editor, declare, that there was not the smallest foundation for this charge.) "Go, return to your apartment; cover your elbows, put a handkerchief on your neck, and pray let a dress cap, for I suppose you have not presumed to come to my house without something of the kind, hide the frightful appearance of your hair."

You may believe I did not wait a reiteration of her orders; but although I strictly obeyed her directions, I was not happy enough to meet with her approbation. She assured me my things were huddled on in the most unbecoming manner; that I had not the least taste; and, in short, that I was a complete fright. I believe that the placidity with which I listened to this declaration in some degree disappointed the old lady, for she preserved a sullen silence during dinner, and when it was removed, she told me to amuse myself with a book if I chose for an hour, and leaning back in her arm-chair, composed herself to sleep.

As the only books I could find were *Drelincourt on Death*, *Hoyle's Treatise on Whist*, and *Amadis de Gaul*, I soon laid them aside, and continued to ruminate on my situa-

tion, till Mrs. Crossgrain awoke and desired me to make tea, which I did with great alacrity; but the moment she tasted it, she pronounced it execrable.—"To be sure," cried she, "I have not yet made my will, or else I should think (Heaven forgive me!) that you had a design upon my life. Why I could as soon swallow the same quantity of brandy, and I dare say it would do as little harm. Pray, child, did you ever hear of the word *nerves*?" I hastened to rectify my unfortunate blunder, but I only made matters worse. "Mercy upon me!" exclaimed the old lady, "what stuff is this? Why, child, one would think you had given me the contents of the slop-bason; I never tasted such an insipid mixture of half-cold sugar and water in my life. Heaven defend me from the misses of the age, if you are a specimen of them!"

I attempted to stammer out an apology, but she would not suffer me to proceed. Her woman was rung for to make the tea, a task she performed a little more to her mistress's satisfaction than I had done; and the tea equipage being removed, my aunt inquired whether I understood whist, in a tone that plainly implied she expected an answer in the negative; but luckily for me I play very tolerably, and as I had prudence enough to avoid winning, the evening concluded with more harmony than I had ventured to hope for.

At eleven o'clock I retired to my bed-chamber, the gloomy and antique appearance of which contributed, with the disagreeables I had already met with, to cost me a flood of tears. I endeavoured, however, to console myself with the hope that the worst was over, and I arose the next morning in better spirits.

After breakfast, my aunt, who was working a set of chairs, desired my assistance, and ringing at the same time for her woman, we three began to ply the steel bar with great assiduity, and I enjoyed an hour's quiet; but, unluckily, on Mrs. Crossgrain's examining my work, she found I had taken three threads instead of two in the top stitch of Hector's helmet, which threw her into a violent passion, in which she intimated, in pretty plain terms, that I was fit for nothing in the world, and that she had a great mind to send me home. Though certain that my reception would be far from a kind one, I was so frightened at her vehemence, that I really had not power to beg her pardon. In a little time her passion began to subside, and she condescended to desire me to take a book, saying, in a most ungracious tone, that she supposed I could read, though I could do nothing else.

Glad of any thing that looked like an approach to reconciliation, I hastily began the passage which she pointed out, and which happened to be a long speech of Athenais in the *Force of Love*; but I had not read half a dozen lines, when my aunt, snatching the book out of my hand, declared I had no more idea of reading blank verse than a child in the lowest class of a charity school. Well as I had been trained, this last speech put patience and prudence both to flight: I rose, and saying, "I fear, madam,

that it is my misfortune to be utterly unable to please you." I would have retired, but Mrs. Crossgrain, in a voice of authority, ordered me to stop and hear how blank verse ought to be read; and taking up the book, she did me the favour to read the whole scene in a manner so affected and ridiculous, that, vexed as I was, I had great difficulty to keep my countenance. On finishing the scene, she handed me the book, but I begged to decline continuing the play, assuring her that I was certain I should never be able to read it in her manner. This speech, which she considered as a compliment, soothed her so much, that for the rest of the day she was in very tolerable humour.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Waters of Elle, extracted from "Glenarvon," arranged to the favourite Air "Ils ne sont plus," with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte or Harp, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 2s.

The French air to which these stanzas are applied, not only suits the text well, but is in itself of that soft and melodious simplicity which seldom fails making its way to the heart of the uncultivated multitude, as well as of the real votary of music. The arrangement is easy, yet effective. The D in the 1st bar of the voice should have been C.

The Tuscan's Invocation to his native Home, arranged to a favourite Air of Winter's, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, and respectfully dedicated to her Grace the Duchess of Leeds, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 2s.

To this air, for one voice, Mr. Klose has adapted the beautiful duet, "Vaghi colli, ameni prati," in Winter's Ratto di Proserpina. We perceive the difficulties which Mr. K. had to encounter, and the ingenuity he exercised in producing a tolerably good fit; a complete one it is not. Among two or three instances of deviations from the original, we shall only mention the objectionable expedient of apportioning occasionally the *beginning* of the poetical period to the *close* of the preceding musical one (voice bars 4, 6, &c.). Even to those with whom the original is not, as with us, uppermost, these passages will probably appear awkward. Yet with all this, the circumstance of possessing English words to so excellent a composition, and the justice which has been done to it as far as the harmonic compression and arrangement of the score is concerned, will no doubt render Mr. Klose's labour acceptable to the vocal amateur.

A grand Duet for two Performers on one Piano-Forte, composed, and most respectfully dedicated to Miss Scott and Miss H. Scott, by J. Gildon. Op. 12. Pr. 5s.

As we do not recollect having seen this duet before, we suppose it to be a posthumous work of the late Mr. Gildon's, several of which have appeared in public since his death. The present publication is a farther proof of the loss the musical world has sustain-

ed by his premature decease. The allegro, in particular, is conceived in proper style; it possesses the fluent brilliancy of the best of Pleyel's sonatas, to which it bears considerable resemblance, both in point of melody and in the passages. The slow movement is throughout interesting, except perhaps an antiquated close in the allied minor key in the second part. The allegretto which terminates the duet, is full of life and spirit; a circumstance calculated to elicit the sympathy of those who know under what pressure of misfortune and disease it must have been written. There are no intricacies of execution in any part of this duet, and the bass part in particular may be mastered by a performer of very limited abilities.

Duet for the Harp and Piano-Forte, composed for, and respectfully dedicated to, Miss Glover, by John Davy. Op. 12. Pr. 5s.

An allegro and rondo in E b, with an intervening slow movement in B b, form the duet before us. All these pieces are conceived in a pleasing style; they are easy of execution for both instruments, of very moderate length, the harmony, without being vulgar, is exempt from studied intricacies, and the passages are fairly divided between the two performers. We are therefore of opinion, that this publication is well suited to display limited abilities to considerable advantage. The rondo, a waltz theme, is particularly lively and attractive.

Air, Minuet, and Polacca Fugata for the Piano-Forte, composed, and inscribed to Miss Yzarn, at Mrs Baxter's Boarding-School, Putney, by W. R. Callender. Pr. 2s.

In the melody and the decorative amplifications of the first of these movements, a short allegro in B b, Mr. Callender has evinced a considerable degree of tasteful invention, although the whole would have derived increased attraction from a more varied bass, the left hand being throughout employed in chords broken into eight quavers. The minuet is agreeable; but here, too, the bass would have admitted of improvement, there being occasionally whole lines in which the left hand dwells upon a dotted minim bar after bar. The polacca we deem the chief movement in this book; it partakes but in a trifling degree of the fugued character ascribed to it, and does not strictly possess all the requisites of a polonaise; but it shews skill and attentive care on the part of the composer, and a proper share of harmonic science. The modulations in the middle of *p*. 5 are select, and in the 6th page we equally discover matter of much interest. What will recommend this movement still more, is the neatness of the passages for the right hand, all which are eminently calculated to give wholesome exercise to the fingers.

Rondo, with original Russian Themes, for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Christian Lane, by Ferd. Ries. Op. 67. Pr. 3s.

The Russian airs which Mr. Ries now and then takes an opportunity of interweaving with his compositions, fully justify his partiality for the melodies of that people. They possess, besides their natural originality, a peculiar character, not only free from common-place ideas or vulgarisms, but really graceful and replete with feeling. This is the case with the principal theme,

in A minor, of the rondo, which, by means of clever contrivance, forms also the leading thought in the very short, but eminently original *grave* in front of the rondo. Without following our author in the whole track which his exuberant fancy and consummate skill have pursued in this movement, we shall next advert to the second Russian theme, a dance in C major, which forms the ground-work of much interesting matter of digression in *p*. 4. The modulations in that page, with the assistance of crossed hands, are of the first order in point of elaborate finish and science. In the 6th page we cannot pass over the fine representation of the first theme by the left hand, and the select evolutions which ensue. A third Russian air, in slow movement (*p*. 7), arrests our attention by its peculiar style and its pathetic melody; and the modulations (*p*. 8, *l*. 1), by which a transition is effected to the second theme (now exhibited in A major), are of first-rate conception and excellence. We must also not omit noticing the very odd conclusion of the rondo on the insulated key of A, after the melody had regularly proceeded to C major; a whim we are by no means inclined to quarrel with. The whole of this rondo, like the generality of Mr. R.'s labours, bears evidence, that not the fingers alone, but the head and heart have co-operated in its production.

"*Now each Tie of Love is broken,*" *Answer to Lord Byron's* "*Fare thee well,*" *composed* by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s.

However diminished the sensation may be that was excited at the first appearance of the poetry to which this anonymous answer applies, the melody devised thereto by Mr. K. is of a description still to afford considerable interest. It is regular in construction, tasteful and impressive, without being laboured or affected; and the accompaniment is proper and effective. The omission of a Natural before the D in the fourth bar of the second page, and in the like bars subsequently, we ascribe to accident.

Sonata for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Gibbings, by F. Kalkbrenner. Pr. 4s.

In our preceding number we have had the pleasing task of commenting upon an excellent sonata of Mr. K.'s; and the one before us has again excited our approbation to such a degree, that we should, taking each in the aggregate, feel utterly at a loss to which to give the preference. This consists of an allegro in G minor, an adagio in E b major, a minuet in G minor, and a rondo in G major. All these movements bear the stamp of consummate mastery in the art, of the most cultivated taste, genuine originality, and the richest store of compositorial science; in short, the work before us is of a description to render it as difficult to say too much in its praise, as to enumerate its manifold excellencies, without entering into a detail that would in all probability encroach too much upon the patience of our readers. One single page in the allegro, such as *p*. 5 for instance, would, to do it justice, demand more room than we can well allot to the whole work in our catalogue; not to mention the exqui-

site adagio, and the finely wrought rondo. In cases like this, we have no alternative but to trust to the reliance which old acquaintance entitles us to hope our readers place in our critical veracity and impartiality, when occasionally our general approbation happens to lack of individual quotations by way of evidence. That it is only for the sphere of matured proficients on the instrument that this sonata is calculated, we need scarcely add.

Hodsoll's Collection of Duets for two Performers on one Piano-Forte. No. 41. Pr. 2s. 6d.

This number of the above-mentioned Collection contains the overture to "Harlequin and Mother Goose," arranged by Mr. Rimbault, which, if we are not mistaken, has been brought under the notice of our readers in an early number of the *Repository*. The present arrangement for two performers appears to us proper, and at the same time suitable for performers of limited abilities.

Emma's Cot, a favourite Song, sung by Miss Poole at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane, and Miss Davies at the Nobility's Concerts, composed by Mr. P. Corri. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The melody of this little ballad is simple, regular, and pleasing, much in the style of Mr. Hook's lyric compositions, and a neat accompaniment acts in support of it. Neither the latter nor the vocal part presents any difficulties of execution. The circumstance of the last line in the verse having only six syllables, whereas the others consist of eight, has occasioned a certain degree of abrupt termination in the melody; because the close, which in the preceding periods took place at the third crotchet in the bar, is here at the first crotchet. A little contrivance on the part of the composer might have devised a proper remedy.

The Lothian Lassie, a favourite Scotch Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 2s. 6d.

In this rondo (in F major) we observe that general style of propriety and correct expression which we have had occasion to notice in other works of the same author. The Scotch air is harmonized in a very satisfactory manner; the digressive matter which succeeds in the 3d page, as well as the rest of the passages throughout the work, is natural, fluent, and tasteful; the modulations *p.* 4, especially where they dwell in minor mood, are select; and a pleasing transition leads to the theme in C, *p.* 5, from which the author has deduced a variety of well-digested and interesting ideas. Among these we particularly remark the elegant passages that represent the subject in the latter part of the 7th page; and the conclusion, *p.* 8, is brought about not only perfectly in character, but with great neatness and judgment. What adds not a little to the merit of this rondo, is that, with all the active employment of both hands, every thing lies kindly under the fingers.

Three Waltzes, with Variations, for two Flutes, composed by L. Drouet. Pr. 5s.

The first of these waltzes Mr. D. states to be a Russian dance; the second is the well-known German tune "*Ach du lieber Augustine;*" and the third appears to us to be an Italian *monfrina,* to which, in our

opinion, a $\frac{6}{8}$ measure would better have applied than $\frac{3}{8}$. Without analyzing the several variations respectively reared upon these themes, we shall generally observe, that their mellow fluency, select style, and diversity of character, entitle them to rank highly in favour with good performers on the flute. It is from such compositions that we may hope this instrument will be rescued from the state of comparative neglect into which it has sunk in this country, with amateurs at least. The second flute in these waltzes is particularly effective, both in point of harmony and with regard to active execution.

"*Saxe-Cobourg*," *a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed* by A. Beczwarzowsky. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Mr. Beczwarzowsky's labour is of very small compass, and presents nothing new or *recherché* in point of ideas or treatment: but the plain fare he sets before us has the merit of being properly dressed, so as to be wholesome food for juvenile subjects. Proper pieces for beginners are less frequently to be met with than is generally imagined. This rondo is just the kind of music we would recommend to learners.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

ADVENTURES OF A GREEK LADY.

(From TULLY'S *Narrative of a Residence at Tripoli.*)

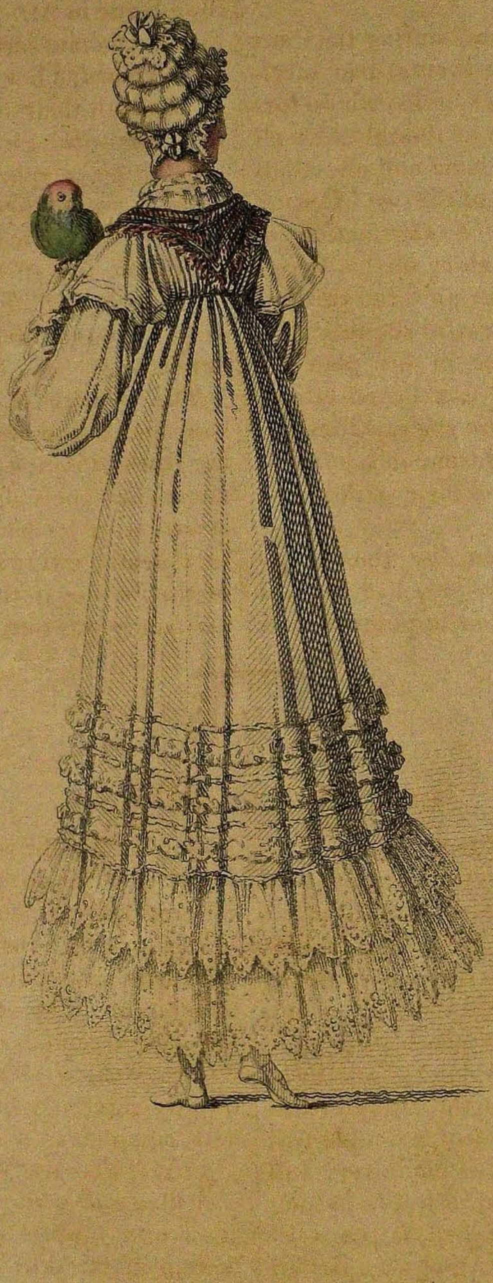
(*Concluded from p.* 240.)

THE Armenian merchant went as usual to the bashaw's on business, and took with him bunches of pearls and an embroidered Persian web of gold and silver silk. He was admitted to the preceptress Zeleuca, as soon as she was told of some great purchases to be made from the Turks, who were preparing for their pilgrimage to Mecca. He laid before her the pearls and silks, which were worth many hundred pataques, and when he had explained to her at what price she might obtain them, namely, by making immediate intercession with the bashaw for the freedom of the Venetian youth, she lost no time in endeavouring to possess them. He required of her, that while he waited she should inform the bashaw, a ransom, equal to what he had last demanded for the Venetian, was ready to be paid. He told her he had not the courage to apply to the bashaw himself, having been so often put off. The Greek, overjoyed and eager to obtain the riches that lay waiting for her, instantly disappeared to return in a few moments. The Armenian, by sacrificing a sum sufficient to make up the money demanded for the Venetian, was sufficiently sure of his enlargement without the help of Zeleuca; but

it was not her interest with the bashaw, but her absence, he was now so dearly purchasing. The Georgians were seated at their embroidery-frame. The Armenian availed himself of this moment to shew to the younger of the two her mother's letter open. Her agitation, her tears, her screams of joy, confirmed him he was right. He comforted her; he assured her he should soon be able to deliver her and her sister into their mother's arms, if the unfortunate agitation he had thrown her into did not prevent it. He told her, that on her prudence and dissimulation all depended, for if the least hint was given that she had been shewn a letter, the hope of liberty would be over. He had but just time to say, that a woman from his sister would be the next person she should see, when Zeleuca returned with an order from the bashaw for the Venetian's freedom on the payment of the ransom.

The Armenian now opened the silk for Zeleuca to inspect it more narrowly. He noticed to her a considerable damage in it, apparently, as he said, from the circumstance of packing (a gold flower was entirely defaced); but he would send her a Greek, an adept in the Persian work, who would completely replace it: Zeleuca was delighted. Two days after the bashaw had set out on his journey, the Armenian's sister, as eager as himself to restore the peace of this unhappy family, engaged one of her women, a faithful domestic who had been with her many years, to go as a sempstress to Zeleuca. This commission was received with joy by Acassia from her mistress, for the events of her *own* life had been such, as to make her anxious on all occasions to shew her gratitude and love to the family with whom she lived.

Acassia now went to Zeleuca, and conveyed to the Georgians sufficient attire for their disguise. She took the advantage of the time of day during which, in that part of the world, chiefs and servants universally retire and indulge themselves in repose; and while Zeleuca was sleeping, Acassia conducted the trembling Georgians through a private door into the street. On their arrival at the Armenian's house, he immediately left it, and went to the bashaw's palace, before Zeleuca or the Mamaluke had time to cause a public alarm to be made for their master's loss. He found Zeleuca, as he expected, in the greatest consternation, but he easily prevailed on her and the Mamaluke to be pacified, by his professions to serve them and his ability to do so. He wrote in their presence to their master, pleading their excuse for having been so unfortunate in their duty, and informed the bashaw of (what he termed) the unexpected circumstance of the Georgians having escaped to his house. He told him of the sums lately remitted from the states of Venice for their redemption, and to what amount he would assist their afflicted mother in further augmenting those sums. He entreated the bashaw to accept the gold for the two slaves, who were never likely to make him a better return. The Armenian, from long experience, had formed so just an idea of this Turk's predilection for riches, that if the bashaw doubt-



MORNING DRESS.

ed the truth of any part of the account given him, he reconciled the loss of his fair slaves by the unexpected wealth that loss produced him.

The Armenian, during the short period of these events, had sacrificed one quarter of his whole fortune, for which he thought himself repaid with the hand and affections of the younger of the two beauties, and the extreme satisfaction of bestowing the elder on his Venetian friend. He pictured to himself, also, the cheerful acquiescence of their mother in his plan for happiness; nor was he mistaken: with grateful joy she saw him dispose of her children, in a manner so consonant to their wishes and her own.

The Venetian, by the consequence of his family, had the interest to obtain an appointment in the diplomatic line very soon after his marriage with the fair Juliana. Many years after they were married, on account of the ravages of the plague in Africa, he over-ruled the affectionate scruples of his wife, and persuaded her to leave him for a time with their only daughter, a most beautiful girl, whose talents in Europe acquired all possible lustre from the first style of education. She was married with every advantage her affectionate mother could wish, and they both at present make an invaluable part of our society.

The mother of Signora S—— was spared the horrid account of her little infant's fate. She was always humanely deceived with the assertion of its having died a natural death, owing to the hardships of the journey in the first day after her family was torn from her.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 28.—MORNING DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of cambric; the skirt is finished at bottom by four rows of rich embroidery and two flounces of work; it is very full; and the body, which is a *chemisette*, has also considerable fulness thrown behind. The body is made up to the throat, and trimmed at the neck with a double frill of rich work: it is made very full behind, but plain in front. A long loose sleeve, finished at the wrist by three puffings and a single fall of narrow work. Head-dress a morning *cornette*, composed of fine clear muslin, with a border to correspond. The form of this *cornette* is uncommonly novel and striking; the crown is ornamented, something in the style of a turban, with rolls of muslin, and finished at the top by a bow of straw-coloured ribbon. Gloves and sandals of straw colour. A new pattern silk handkerchief thrown carelessly over the shoulders, completes the dress.

PLATE 29.—EVENING DRESS.

A lilac and white striped gauze dress over a white satin slip; the bottom of the skirt is ornamented with five rows of white silk trimming, of a very light and elegant description: it has just been intro-

duced, and the pattern has more novelty than any thing we have seen for some time: a single flounce of deep blond lace completes the trimming. The body is also very novel; the upper part is formed of lace, and the lower of gauze, to correspond with the dress: the latter is quite tight to the shape, but the former has an easy fulness, which forms the shape in a manner extremely advantageous to the figure. The sleeve is short and very full; it is composed of lace, looped high, and finished by a trimming to correspond with that on the skirt. The hair is full dressed, without any ornament. Necklace, cross, armlets, and bracelets of rubies. White satin slippers, and white kid gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The month of November ought, if we were guided by the seasons, to enable us to present our fair readers with a splendid display of winter costume, but every body knows that the winter of Fashion does not commence till January: some changes, indeed, must take place in fashionable habiliments before that period, but they are regulated more by convenience or whim than by the mandate of Fashion; and of this nature are the few alterations which we have to announce since last month.

For the walking costume pelisses are very general; they are composed of cloth or velvet, and lined with sarsnet: white appears the predominant colour for linings. Satin is almost the only trimming made use of. We have not noticed any striking alteration in the form of pelisses; they appear to be made fuller in the skirt than last season, and the sleeves are not so wide, but the bodies remain nearly the same.

Poplin and sarsnet are also much used for the walking costume: dark brown, purple, and bottle-green are the predominating colours. These dresses are all made high, but without collars: a little fulness is generally thrown into the backs; but the fronts are tight to the shape, and are sloped on each side, to display the *fichu*. The trimming, which is generally composed of the same materials as the dress, is a deep flounce, with a heading, which is scolloped and bound with narrow ribbon. A shawl is an indispensable appendage to this dress; the most fashionable at present are our imitations of India: some ladies, however, prefer rich silk ones, the middle of which corresponds with their dress, and the border is richly embroidered in colours.

Straw and Leghorn bonnets, trimmed, *à la Françoise*, with bunches of winter flowers, are still worn by some *élégantes;* but black straw, or velvet to suit the colour of the dress, is more general: these latter are always ornamented with feathers.

Bonnets of the French shape are universal in the walking costume, but we have contrived to anglicize them till very little of their original appearance remains: as it is, they are neither one thing nor the other; they have neither the chaste simplicity for which our English walking bonnets used to be remarkable, nor the *jauntee* air of those worn by well-dressed French *belles.*

In the carriage costume sarsnet

pelisses are still much worn; they are what the French call levantine, of the stoutest texture and twilled: some with satin stripes are peculiarly beautiful; they are trimmed, in general, with swansdown, and worn either with a swansdown tippet, or a small India or silk scarf tied round the throat. We saw one the other day composed of pale lavender levantine, lined with white sarsnet, and trimmed with swansdown. The hat worn with it was one of the most elegant we have ever seen; it was composed of white spotted velvet, turned up in front, or rather, we should say, all round the front, and lined with satin. The crown is rather high, and fancifully decorated with puffings of intermingled white satin and blond: a plume of white feathers, tipped with lilac, ornaments it in front. We have not seen so tasteful a hat for some time.

Late as it is in the season, morning dresses continue to be still made in muslin: they are rather less trimmed than they have been for some time, which is the only change that has taken place.

Sarsnet and spotted silk are very general in dinner dress; we think the levantine predominates. The bodies of dinner dresses are now invariably of the same material as the skirt, but the sleeves are generally white; they are composed either of patent net or of clear muslin, richly let in with lace. Plain long sleeves are universal; they are finished at the wrist as described in our last number. Gowns are still cut very low, and, in general, ornamented with a pelerine of lace; and we have much pleasure in saying, that a *fichu* forms an indispensable part of dinner-dress.

We must, however, observe, that muslin, though not so generally worn as silk, is still adopted by some *élégantes*. Sprigged muslin, the bosom and sleeves trimmed with lace, and the skirts decorated with puffings of clear muslin, with rosettes of coloured ribbon between each puffing, are in some estimation; there are generally three rows of these puffings placed at about half a quarter distance from each other. We were much pleased with this trimming; though very simple, it has an air of novelty, and is really tasteful and pretty.

The very elegant full dress which we have presented to our readers in our print, is the only actual novelty which we have to announce.

In half-dress jewellery, coral already begins to make its appearance.

In full-dress jewellery, we have noticed a beautiful ornament for the hair; it is a butterfly in diamonds; it is placed in the middle of the forehead, and worn without any other ornament. The effect of this brilliant and novel ornament, particularly upon dark hair, is uncommonly beautiful and striking.

Wreaths of winter flowers are very much worn in full dress; but instead of being placed at the back of the head, they are now brought round the hair in front. Bouquets of winter flowers are also much worn, placed a little to the side.

The hair, both in full and half-dress, is worn much lower than it has been for many months back: in the latter, *cornettes* are universally adopted, but we have seen nothing new since last month.

In full dress the hair is worn in

light loose curls on the forehead; it is parted in the middle, but the curls do not fall very low at the sides. The hind hair is turned smoothly up in one large bow; sometimes the ends are brought down, and form a row of full curls in the back of the neck.

For the walking costume, coloured leather stout-soled half-boots are universal. Sandals of coloured leather, stout silk, or velvet, are most general in carriage-dress.

Fans still continue the same size.

Fashionable colours for the month are, purple geranium, brown of different shades, and dark green.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, October 17.

My dear Sophia,

LATE as it is in the season, our promenade dresses are invariably composed of white: *perkale* is in high estimation, as are also plain and sprigged India muslins. The present form of promenade dress is very simple: a gown made very full in the skirt, and of a length which suffers the foot only to be visible, ornamented with perhaps twenty tucks, and trimmed with a single flounce at bottom; the body cut very low all round the bust, and made to fit the shape exactly; the back a moderate breadth, composed of a piece of muslin laid on in plaits at each side, and which crosses at the bottom of the waist; the fronts sloping down on each side of the bosom, and just meeting before. If the sleeve is long, it has very little fulness; it is tightened to the wrist by two or three gaugings, which are placed at some distance from each other, and it is finished by a narrow frill of lace or work. A *fichu* of muslin or *tulle*, made in the form of a habit-shirt, with a little fulness in the fronts, and in general a row of letting-in lace on each shoulder. Such is the present favourite form, and I really do not know any style of dress more calculated to display to advantage a good figure; but, on the other hand, it sets defects in the most glaring light. I had forgot to observe, that the waists are perfectly Grecian.

Our promenade costume has at present an uniformity which fatigues the eye, not on account of white dresses only, but because *belles* of all ages now appear in square shawls; go where you will you see nothing else. Ladies of the highest rank wear those of Cashmere, but as their price is immense, those of French manufacture are of course much more general: they are worn in scarlet, royal purple, orange, lavender, and dark green; the middle plain, and the border very rich. French ladies laugh at our formal taste, but in this instance, I think, we have the laugh against them.

I must, however, make an exception in favour of the transparent silk shawls, some of which are ornamented with borders of natural flowers in superb embroidery; they are really beautiful, but certainly not calculated for the time of year: however, the season is the last thing a Frenchwoman considers.

English coloured muslins are very much in request for morning

or half dress. The *chemisette* form still prevails. The skirt is trimmed round the bottom with either two or three narrow flounces of the same material as the dress, which are put on very full, and sometimes scolloped: they are much worn open in front for morning dress, and when that is the case, the cambric slip underneath is trimmed either with work or lace round the bottom. The body is made high, and with a small standing collar, which is rounded before so as to discover the throat. The back is very full, but the front is quite plain over the bust, and full only at the bottom of the waist. The body is sewed to a very narrow band of the same material as the dress, to which the skirt is also fastened. I know not whether I have ever observed to you, that in this respect the fashion here is more convenient than with you, as the bodies of dresses are never made separate. A plain long sleeve completes the dress, if for morning; but if for half dress, the gown, as I have observed, is closed in front, the long sleeve ornamented on the shoulder by a double fall of muslin put on very full, and so contrived as to form a pretty little jauntee half-sleeve; and the body, instead of being high, is cut low, the fulness at top as well as bottom of the waist being confined by a band.

Muslin is the only thing worn in dinner-dress. I have just seen one which I beg you will describe to your aunt S——; for, if she is as fond as she used to be of a great deal of neat work in her dresses, it will just suit her. The form is the same as I have described for the promenade, except that the body and sleeves are tucked to correspond with the bottom of the dress: these tucks, or rather plaits, are of course small, and are placed very thick across the body and sleeves: the dress has no other trimming. You, my dear Sophia, will, I dare say, think this dress formal, but as there is a great deal of work in it, I have no doubt Mrs. S—— will like it. The prettiest dinner-dress I have seen was one worn by the Duchess de Berri, whose style of dress can never fail to please, because it is at once simple and becoming.

A round dress of clear muslin, trimmed at the bottom with a full flounce of broad lace, above which is a narrow embroidery, and that is surmounted by a row of white satin puffings let in at regular distances; over the puffings is another row of lace, above which is a row of work, and over that a second row of puffings. The body of the dress is made as I have described in the promenade costume, but confined to the waist by a white satin sash, which is finished by a triple fall of lace at the ends. A single row of pointed lace forms a very pretty standing kind of pelerine, and slightly shades the bosom. A long sleeve, embroidered down the middle of the arm, and ornamented at each side of the embroidery with white satin puffings: by the way, those puffings resemble the slashes worn on the Spanish dresses, only that they are much smaller. You would be delighted with the *tout-ensemble* of this dress, which is in a style of chaste elegance not generally seen here.

White satin is in very general

estimation for full dress; those ladies who affect simplicity trim it only with two or three very narrow pipings of byas velvet round the bust and the bottom of the train. A short full sleeve composed of three pieces of satin, each edged with pipings to correspond, is fastened up tastefully enough with a brilliant buckle or clasp in front. Blond still continues in estimation for trimmings; it is much worn laid on in waves, which are fastened up with sprigs of heart's-ease or orange blossoms: but the material most in request for full dress among juvenile *élégantes*, is *tulle;* it is worn over white satin. The favourite trimming is a rich embroidery of orange-blossoms in silver round the bottom of the dress. The sleeves are blond over white satin, divided into three compartments by strings of pearl: the bosom is also trimmed with blond. These dresses are extremely elegant, and much in request with such of our countrywomen as adopt the French fashions.

The hair is still worn very high both in full and half dress. Some few weeks ago our *élégantes* wore their hair in full dress *à la Romaine*, and carried this classic mania to a height that was often ridiculous. At present fashionable heads are half Roman half Chinese. You will laugh at this description, but I am really serious; the hind hair is arranged in the manner of the former, and the front in that of the latter: there are indeed a few *belles*, who will not sacrifice good taste at the shrine of Fashion, who still persist in wearing a few light ringlets on each side of the forehead; but these ladies, I am sorry to say, are few in number.

It is not easy to say whether feathers or flowers predominate at present in full dress. *Tocques* are also in high estimation; they are composed of gauze, crape, blond, and sometimes of *tulle.* I should observe, that white satin is always intermixed with either of these articles. There is nothing very novel in the form of *tocques:* they are not, I think, worn quite so high as they were, nor are they so loaded with flowers or feathers; they are frequently ornamented with sprigs of rubies, diamonds, or pearls; and coral, though by no means appropriated to full dress, is in considerable estimation.

Coloured stones are much worn in full-dress jewellery; pearl necklaces, with crosses or lockets of rubies, emeralds, &c. are in much estimation. Coral is worn both in full and half dress, but we see no gold ornaments, except chains.

I cry you mercy, my Sophia! I perceive that I have omitted the most important part of my descriptions; I mean hats and bonnets. Those worn in the morning are called *capotes*, and are made invariably of muslin. As it would be impossible to describe the endless variety one sees, I shall confine myself to two: one, composed of cambric muslin, has a large round front; the muslin is laid on full, and drawn in round the edge, where it is gauged about an inch; the middle of the crown is also composed of muslin laid on full, with a row of gauging next to the front, and another next to the caul, which is of an uncommon height, and tacked in very full; a half-handkerchief, richly embroidered, is pinned across the caul, and the ends tie under the chin. The other favourite morn-

ing bonnet is composed of worked muslin, and finished by three rows of narrow lace, put one above another round the edge of the front: the crown is of a very moderate height; it is also fastened under the chin by a handkerchief, which is trimmed with lace.

For the promenade, Leghorn, straw, straw intermixed with ribbon, and *gros de Naples*, are all worn. They are of a moderate height, the fronts large, and instead of going off at the ears, they come down quite low at the sides; they stick out behind a good deal, and turn up a little, but yet altogether I think them the most becoming I have yet seen: they are frequently worn without lining. If ornamented with feathers, there are sometimes as many as five placed upright; if flowers, a pretty large bunch is placed to one side. China asters, lilacs, hyacinths, lilies, jonquils, and roses, are all worn. I must not forget to tell you, that crape, *tulle*, white satin, and gauze hats are all in high estimation for the promenade. This will not surprise you, when you recollect, that ladies appear in full dress in the promenade, and all their public gardens in this respect resemble our Vauxhall.

The most fashionable colours at present are, royal purple, scarlet, orange, lavender, and dark green.

Adieu, my dear Sophia! I am interrupted, fortunately for you, and have only time to tell you, what indeed you have long known, that I am always your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 26.—AN ENGLISH BED.

THE drawing for this plate was taken by permission of Mr. G. Bullock, in whose manufactory the design was executed, and it was selected for the tasteful simplicity that pervades it. The abandonment of that profusion of drapery which has long been fashionable, has admitted this more chastened style in point of forms, and has introduced a richness in point of colours that has long been neglected. This splendid character, if followed with discretion, will speedily supersede the present cold and cheerless effect of our apartments, which have little pretension to the term *embellished* until the furniture is placed within them.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN is preparing for publication a highly interesting work, representing the *Costumes of the United Netherlands*, from thirty original drawings made on the spot, with letter-press in English and French.

Mr. Ackermann also announces to the public, that early in November will be ready for delivery, the whole-length Portrait of H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales and Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, engraved by Meyer, from the picture

by A. E. Chalon, R. A. It will form a companion print to the much-admired Likeness of H. S. H. Prince Leopold by the same artists; it is acknowledged to be a most perfect resemblance, and has received the approbation of the whole of the Royal Family.

Mr. Thielcke is engraving a set of Six Prints, to be published by subscription, from designs of her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth, under the immediate patronage of her Majesty and the Royal Family: they will be ready for delivery in the early part of December.

Poems by Miss D. P. Campbell, of Zetland, now publishing in London by subscription, will be ready for delivery in the beginning of next month. An interesting notice of this amiable but unfortunate young woman was given in the Literary Intelligence of our last number.

Mr. Ryan, who lately obtained a premium of 100 guineas and the gold medal of the Society of Arts, for his new system of ventilating coal-mines, has in the press *A Treatise on Mining and Ventilation*, embracing in a particular manner the subject of the coal-stratification of Great Britain and Ireland.

Mr. Foster is collecting subjects for an intended work on the *Generic Forms of the Crania of Animals.* We beg leave to recommend to his attention the work of Dr. Spix, of which a brief account was given in our last number, as likely to abridge his labour very materially.

The Rev. T. Rees will shortly publish his translation of the *Racovian Catechism*, with a sketch of the History of the Unitarian Churches of Poland, for whose use it was composed.

The Rev. Sir Adam Gordon will soon publish an enlarged edition of his *Sermons on the Homilies of the Church*, in two 8vo. volumes.

Memorial Sketches of the late Rev. David Brown, of Calcutta, with Sermons by him, are printing in one volume.

The Rev. Samuel Hardy, author of the Life of Skelton, has undertaken a *Compendium of the History of Ireland.*

A gentleman of Gray's Inn has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, a new edition of *Two Dialogues, in English, between a Doctor of Divinity and a Student of the Laws of England, of the Grounds of the said Laws and of Conscience,* written by Christopher St. Germyn, and first published in 1523; with commentaries and notes, partly original and partly compiled.

Dr. Hughson, author of the History of London, has commenced a work under the title of *Walks through London*, including Westminster and Southwark, with the surrounding suburbs; describing every thing worthy of observation, and forming a complete guide to the British metropolis. It will be comprised in twelve monthly numbers, each containing eight engravings.

The increasing popular favour which Malvern is justly acquiring, from the salubrity of the air, and the universally healing qualities of its waters, which were brought into notice by Drs. Wall, Phillip, &c. the beauty of its walks and rides, the antiquity of its church, and numerous other claims to notice, have

induced a gentleman resident near the place, to make collections for a *History of Great and Little Malvern*. These, being at length arranged, he proposes to publish in a handsome octavo volume, embellished with designs by artists of celebrity. Whilst the author will not fail to avail himself of the aid of rare and expensive publications, he is enabled to promise much interesting miscellaneous original matter from observation and authentic sources, so that the work will form altogether a complete historical, statistical, mineralogical, chemical, and general account of Great and Little Malvern, and a useful guide through the terrestrial paradise in which they are situated.

Mr. Churchill is preparing for the press *Corrections and Additions to Rees's Cyclopædia*, which will extend to the whole of that voluminous work, and be printed in the same size and type, so as to form a proper and necessary companion to it.

Lord Byron has completed a second part of his celebrated poem of *Childe Harold*, the copyright of which, as we understand, has been purchased by Mr. Murray at the price of 2500*l*.

The Rev. Richard Warner, of Bath, has in the press, *A Series of Sermons* for every Sunday in the year, including Christmas-day and Good Friday, for the use of families and country congregations, and adapted to the condition of the lower orders of society. A prefatory discourse contains observations on Public Religious Instruction, and a Vindication of the Clergy of the Church of England from the charges of attaching too much importance to human learning, exalting reason above faith, and not preaching the Gospel of Christ.

Mr. Bewick, the celebrated wood-engraver, is engaged upon a set of cuts for Æsop's Fables. The work is far advanced, and will make its appearance next summer.

Our readers will learn with pleasure, that a handsome tribute of gratitude has been paid to the whole British nation, in the persons of those who were the almoners of its bounty to the sufferers by the war in Germany, which, from its judicious distribution and application, has been productive of the most essential and extensive benefits. The boon so promptly bestowed, is duly acknowledged by high and low, and by her generous aid on this occasion, Britain has erected for herself in the hearts of those who shared her benefactions, a monument more imperishable than brass or marble. So highly did the King of Saxony appreciate the relief afforded to his afflicted subjects, that some months ago he presented through Baron von Just, his ambassador in London, his portrait, in a most superb gold box, set with diamonds, to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, as President of the Westminster Committee; and diamond rings to three of the Secretaries, Messrs. Marten, Howard, and Watson; and conferred the Order of Civil Merit on Mr. Ackermann, the fourth Secretary; with an intimation to those gentlemen, that an appropriate memorial for each was preparing at the porcelain-manufactory at Meissen.

This promise was fulfilled on Tuesday, the 8th of October, when each of the Secretaries received, through his Excellency Baron von Just, a case containing a magnificent vase, of exquisite workmanship and classical execution, and groups of figures from the antique, accompanied with letters from the principal Committee at Dresden, expressive of the warmest gratitude for the extraordinary exertions of British munificence. The memorials transmitted to Mr. Ackermann, consist of three pieces of porcelain—a superb vase and two beautiful casts, from antique statues. One of them, representing Castor and Pollux, is executed after the celebrated work in the Escurial, which is supposed to be little inferior in excellence to the Apollo Belvidere. The other represents Pylades and Orestes. The workmanship of both is exceedingly fine. The figures, which are admirably proportioned, are placed on a pedestal eight or ten inches in height; and the whole is composed of the finest porcelain, which has the appearance of polished marble. The vase, which is modelled after a fine specimen of the antique, is exquisitely finished. It is nearly two feet in height. The bordering, at the mouth, consisting of a fanciful arrangement of *cornucopiæ*, bunches of grapes and wheat-sheaves, is executed with singular felicity. Round the centre of the vase there is a very handsome painting, representing a Roman Emperor, seated on the chair of state, and surrounded by the proper officers. A number of women and children appear to be crowding towards him, while he is employed in giving directions for their relief. The following inscription, placed beneath the painting, in explanation of its subject, is not inapplicable to the exertions which the Saxon monarch, and the head commission appointed to superintend the distribution of the funds collected for the purpose of alleviating the distresses of the Saxon people, made on the occasion which called forth so strongly the sympathies of the British public:—

ALIMENTA ITALIÆ.

FÆMINARUM FŒCUNDITATI GENITORUMQ; SPEI CONSULUIT PUBLICUS PARENS PER UNIVERSAM ITALIAM PUERIS PUELLISQ; ULPIIS ALIMENTARIIS INSTITUTIS.

The subjects which adorn this elegant tribute of gratitude are well chosen. The friendship of Orestes and Pylades, and of Castor and Pollux, is proverbial. We trust a friendship equally powerful and equally disinterested, will long exist between the people of Saxony, who endured so many distresses, and the inhabitants of Great Britain, who, though at a distance from the theatre of war themselves, felt for the sufferings of those who were exposed to its horrors, and hastened to alleviate them. Whatever intrinsic value this present may possess—and, from the beauty of the workmanship, we look upon it as highly valuable—it sinks into insignificance when placed in competition with the feeling which gave birth to the gift—the feeling of ardent gratitude for generous and unsolicited services.

It gives us pleasure to be able to record an additional instance of that delicate attention by which his Saxon Majesty has ever been distinguished. Most of our read-

ers will recollect, that some months since Mr. Ackermann published a concise *Historical Account of the House of Saxony*, from the pen of Mr. Shoberl, who took occasion in the work to vindicate the character of King Frederic Augustus from what appeared to him the most malignant and unjust aspersions. His Majesty, in token of his satisfaction, has been pleased to send to the author a handsome gold medal, of considerable value, bearing his portrait on one side, inscribed FRIDERICUS AUGUSTUS, D. G. REX SAXONIÆ, &c. &c. &c.; and on the other a female figure seated, presenting a wreath, with the inscription BENE MERENTIBVS. This flattering present was transmitted through Baron von Just, the Saxon ambassador to our court, accompanied with a letter, signifying his Majesty's approval of the spirit which animated the author in this publication, desiring his acceptance of the above-mentioned medal, and assuring him of his farther favour.

Poetry.

TO T. CAMPBELL,

On reading his "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

HAIL, mighty genius, as thy theme sublime!
Hail, radiant planet in the sphere of time!
Oh! that on me the Muse a ray would shed
Of that bright halo which surrounds thy head;
Oh! that in my cold bosom it would shine!
Then might I sing in numbers worthy thine.

Who hath not paused, astonish'd at the scope,
The wondrous course, and glorious march of Hope,
Since first she linger'd on War's rampant wheels,
Till o'er earth's fabric heaven's last thunder peals?

Who envieth not the wanderer o'er the deep,
When Hope's sweet music lulls the storm to sleep;
When to his mind his hills, his native skies,
His cot, his Helen, and his friends arise?

Who owns not Hope's mild influence, as she cheers
The soldier's heart, and charms away his fears?
Who with the pensive mother doth not sigh
O'er her lov'd babe, in fondest sympathy,
And whilst he feels a spark of kindred joy,
Joins not her wishes for her slumb'ring boy?

What generous bosom hails not from afar,
Whirl'd by the Muse, Improvement's rapid car?
Who doth not see her, bright'ning into day,
O'er Indian worlds possess unbounded sway?

Who hath not mourn'd Sarmatia's hapless fate,
Sad victim of Oppression's lawless hate,
When Hope, her guardian seraph, sigh'd farewell?
Who hath not wept as Kosciusko fell?

Ah! how I melt with pity, when I see
The poor lost Indian cross the accursed sea?
His miseries in mournful lines appear,
And every sorrow breathes resistless there:
Yet e'en to him one ray of Hope belongs;
The "tenth Avatar" shall redress his wrongs.

E'en Pope's sweet Muse herself might wish to sing,
What bliss to youth Hope's handmaid spirits bring,
When beauty on his kindling heart hath gain'd,
And warms his soul to rapture unconstrain'd;
When tender thoughts his noontide hours employ,
And every nerve is harmonized to joy.

How doth thy pencil, with a master's art,
Depict our first-born father's hermit-heart,
And the lost charms of Eden's blissful bower,
Till Heaven adorn'd it with it's fairest flower!

Who doth not sigh for mournful Ellenore,
When Conrad leaves her to return no more?—
But, hark! what seraph-accents meet her ear?
'Tis Hope, the charmer, breathing comfort near;
Soothing her agony and filial pain,
And whispering, that their souls shall meet again.

Ye dark idolaters of chance, give ear,
Whilst Campbell weaves the garland you should wear;
A chaplet blasted as your gloomy deeds,
A nightshade suited to your impious heads.

Oh! learn repentance from his heavenly lay,
And own your Saviour's kingdom whilst ye may:
Then when th' Almighty sweeps his fiery robe
O'er earth, and dreadful shakes this palsied globe;
When clad in vengeance, with a wrathful hand
He hurls destruction o'er each guilty land;
Sounds his dread voice amid the thunder's roar,
His awful voice, that time shall be no more!
Twangs his loud clarion through earth's inmost womb,
And wakes each shudd'ring sinner from his tomb;
Then on your souls eternal Hope shall smile,
As her torch kindles at earth's blazing pile;
Shall light them, heavenward, to their long abode,
And lead them to the bosom of their God.

Then, when yon planets from their spheres shall rush,
And worlds on prostrate worlds confess the crush;
When discord thunders through the low'ring sky,
And bids to cease celestial harmony;
When every orb its heavenly course has run,
And everlasting darkness shrouds the sun,
Then, mighty Campbell, must thy Muse's fire
With nature's perishable form expire;
But long as Hope can linger here on earth,
Shall live thy fame, thy genius, and thy worth.

R. N. D.

55, Great Russell-street.

SORROW.

By Mr. J. M. Lacey.

Smile not on me, my beauteous maid!
I cannot now esteem the blessing;
Mine eye is dimm'd by sorrow's shade,
My soul absorb'd by griefs distressing!

Thy smiling lip, thine eye of love,
Should not be shared with my sad woe;
The kiss of peace let others prove,
I cannot feel its gentle glow!

Cold is my heart, it throbs no more
For love's soft hour, for friendship's duty;
Its every hope of bliss is o'er,
Gone ev'ry sigh that rose for beauty!

Buried within my bosom lies
Each joy, that once was wont to bloom:
Then beam not lustre from thine eyes,
'Twill be but sunshine on a tomb!

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.